

ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED WOMEN, By MARGARET MURRAY WASHINGTON
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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE COLORED RACE.



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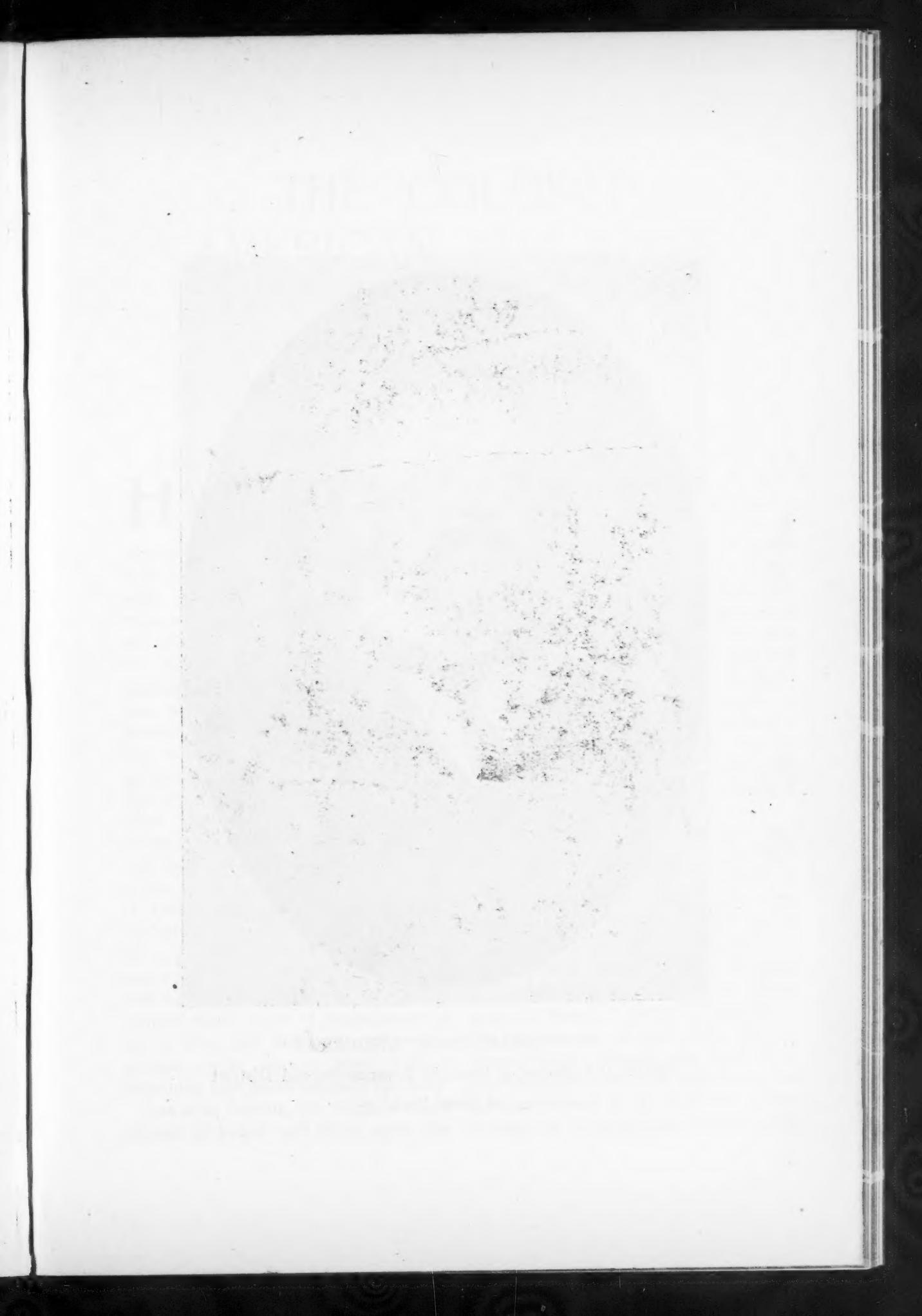
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The Colored American Magazine

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HON. CHARLES W. ANDERSON
Named as Collector of Internal Revenue Second District
of New York

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1905.

NO. 4

The Way of the World

Prejudice in Massachusetts

HENRY D. THOREAU wrote down in his now famous Diary, that he wished his Massachusetts neighbors were a little wilder. But the Afro-American citizens of Salem, Mass., wish very much that their neighbors were a little more humane, or rather not quite so wild. The good people in this little unpretentious village have been holding all kinds of meetings within the past month, to devise some means to exterminate their colored citizens by a less violent method than the Indiana people employ. These Massachusetts Puritans would merely "freeze" out their Afro-American neighbors by denying them employment either in private homes or public works. The latest action taken by the Salemites, in one of those town meetings, heretofore so healthful and helpful, was to petition the town authorities to give no public employment to any but white people, seeking this way to directly cut off the colored man's hope of employment in public jobs, and indirectly influencing private works against him. This is stretching race preservation to the limit.

Just what bearing this attitude of the citizens of Salem will have upon the

economic and moral life of the colored residents is, of course, not so early known. But one truth is forcibly, and sadly obvious: the Afro-Americans in Massachusetts shall have their hands full, and heads too, to properly gauge and direct public sentiment in their own behalf, without worrying themselves frenzy about the conditions of the race elsewhere. Before the privilege of voting always comes the exercise of the right to live and labor. Oh, for a Sumner or a Brooks or a Phillips to now rise and smite this growing prejudice, which is gnawing at the very heart, the "conscience," as William H. Lewis said, of this Republic.

The Inauguration of Roosevelt

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT was inaugurated for his own term of four years, Saturday March 4th, with more genuine patriotism and simple splendour, than has attended such exercises since the day when General Grant was ushered into office. Three hundred thousand people journeyed to Washington to witness the parade. Pennsylvania Avenue was lined with soldiers and citizens who had come from the four corners of the Union to parade in honor of the greatest American figure

since Grant, or before Lincoln. The populace was more deeply interested in, and impressed with, this inauguration ceremony than the country has noted since Lincoln was inaugurated the second time. Patriotism has been asleep for years, and awoke only to gladden the hearts of American citizens, and reassure them for the future of the Republic.

With this great manifestation of the confidence of the people, the benediction of heaven, and a light within his own breast, the President should make a record, that shall last while the Republic lives!

Two New York Appointments

THE HON. WHITELAW Reid, editor of the NEW YORK TRIBUNE, has been appointed Minister to the Court of St. James to succeed the Hon. Joseph Choate, and the Hon. Charles W. Anderson has been appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second District of New York. Both of these appointments have been received with genuine pleasure by all New Yorkers and the Nation as well. Mr. Reid is eminently fitted, both by education and experience, to represent his government at the next greatest Court.

Mr. Anderson is the recognized and unquestioned leader of the Afro-American Republicans of New York, and one of their leaders in the Nation. He was the choice of his followers for whatever honors were to be bestowed. He is a scholar and an orator of rare grace and eloquence, who has made his impress upon the Nation as a gentleman of fine parts and a leader of men. His services in the last Presidential campaign at-

tracted national attention for brilliancy and thoroughness. The most satisfactory phase of Mr. Anderson's appointment is the universal approval with which it met. Not a reputable journal in New York opposed it. That the colored men of New York feel gratified because of his selection was to have been expected.

New Senators in Congress

TEN new Senators were sworn in at Washington on March 4th; new in point of recent election, but not necessarily new to the Senate or to the Nation. Indeed Senator "Tom" Carter of Montana, who has just returned, has been in the Senate, now and then, for some years. It is worth noting that Senator Stewart of Nevada was retired on that day to a well deserved private life after having been in the public service forty years.

The new Senators are: Frank P. Flint, succeeding Thomas R. Bard, of California; James A. Hemenway, succeeding Vice-President Fairbanks, of Indiana; Elmer J. Burkett, succeeding Charles Dietrich, of Nebraska; Samuel H. Piles, succeeding Addison G. Foster, of Washington; George Sutherland, succeeding Thomas Kearns, of Utah; Geo. S. Nixon, succeeding Wm. M. Stewart, of Nevada; Thomas H. Carter, succeeding Paris Gibson, of Montana; Robert M. La Follette, succeeding Joseph V. Quarles, of Wisconsin; Isador Rayner, succeeding Louis E. McComas, of Maryland; and Morgan Bulkley, succeeding Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut. All of these new Senators are Republicans, excepting Isador Rayner of Maryland,

who succeeds a Republican, Louis McComas, who has done nothing notable since he succeeded Gorman six years ago.

Let us except La Follette before we proceed with the story! He is the most original American, most brilliant and most sensible, elected to the Senate within the last decade. He is guided by his conscience and not by the conscienceless soul of any corporation!

Not one of the remaining nine new Senators is distinguished at home or abroad for any great ability, legislative training, moral strength, oratorical power or learning. Most of them come as representatives of great corporations or political scheming. None come as the apostle of any ennobling thought. Thirty years ago not one of these men would have been considered in connection with a seat in the Senate of the United States. Then it was: What does he think, and how well is he fitted. Now it is: What does he own, and how much will he spend!

It cannot be denied, in the light of events and men, that the country is losing the course mapped out, and consistently followed by the fathers, in the early history of the Republic. True to the fears and predictions of several of the members of the Federal Convention, the Senate has become a rendezvous of rich men, who have much money to spend for a seat in the Senate, and no brains to make either a wise law or a fair name, after they have obtained it. We no more hear grand and ennobling thoughts from the north end of the Capitol; instead, there is the flashing vest, the habitual and consistent goatee,

and shining shoe, and the Committee room, whence all things come, and whither most things are sepulchred.

We are grieved to announce that neither of the new Senators have any particular interest in human rights.

The War Goes On

At this writing the war in the East goes on still—not very still, however. The Russian and Japanese armies have for some days been battling around Mukden. About Tieling Pass, Fushdun and Hungti the armies have been centered for some time. The Russian army within the last month seems to have taken on new life and fresh courage, and as a result, the Japanese army, throughout, has been surprised and routed, and have suffered loss of men, and some little depression in spirit. The last reports showed a loss on the Russian side of 40,000 lives, and on the Japanese side of 60,000. There is, however, no signs of an early cease of hostilities, as neither country appears to know what terms of peace to offer to the other. General Kuropatkin just now seems to be able to show the mettle of which he is made.

The internal condition of Japan is admirable. The Mikado has the entire confidence of his people, who stand ready to make any sacrifice to aid their brothers at the front.

Russia is still badly divided. The assassination of Sergius only embrazened the anarchists and other objectors to the throne. The Czar, vacillating here, cringing there, has addressed the people in two different notes, but neither aided him, because each contradicted the other.

One of the saddest reports that has come from Russia is that which intimated that the government was seeking to rehabilitate itself with the people by arousing the national feeling against the Jews, which, if true, exposes the weakness and meanness of the throne as no other incident has, or can.

Two Strikes in New York

DURING the month of March two strikes occurred in New York, one was on the Interborough Rapid Transit, affecting 1,100,000 people, and which virtually for some time, tied up the Elevated Railway and the Subway. The other was a purely local affair, being a strike of the delivery-men of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, one of the largest and most influential of the New York newspapers.

At this writing, it seems as if the Rapid Transit strikers will lose their fight; and as a matter of course, the delivery-men must lose theirs. Neither of these strikes were necessary, and both have served to make unionism more odious to the populace, who, as usual, have borne the larger portion of the inconvenience and suffering arising from these flagrant violations of the laws economy and the spirit of the land. Unionism has crippled itself, and undoubtedly lost much ground, and sympathy in this Interborough fight.

The Interborough strike was uncalled for. It was simply a case of that almost intolerable spirit of insolence so common, in union labor circles, seeking to direct the affairs of a great and useful corporation. The strikers demanded more pay, when they did not deserve it, being the best paid men in the street railway ser-

vice in the world. They demanded shorter hours, and more time for recreation, when they are only required to work ten hours each day. They objected to their men being reprimanded for violations of the rules of the Company, as if any business can succeed unless the rules of it are respected. These were the general complaints, without any specific case cited as an example, which immediately exposed the weakness of their contention. The public did not believe these causes sufficient to inconvenience the whole city of New York. Perhaps the strike shall have been settled before the MAGAZINE appears; if so it shall have been settled because the strikers receded from a position of hard-headed hot-headedness. This is one of the few New York strikes which did not have the support and sympathy of the people.

The BROOKLYN EAGLE strike is of little consequence. THE EAGLE will be sold if its patrons, the whole seventy-five thousand of them, are forced to walk after it. We can imagine no set of wagon-drivers able to cripple the circulation of THE EAGLE, which is, and will forever be, an "open shop."

Labor Unions are now growing unpopular, because they are becoming unbearable. They are needed; but their use is protective, not destructive. Union men must learn that they are not to manage the affairs of a private business or a corporation, because they are union men employed to labor. Public sentiment will not sustain them. The walking delegate accentuated these strikes, as he does most strikes. He is a menace to society and a dangerous enemy to unionism, and should be dispensed with.

Separate School in Kansas

SINCE the days when "bleeding Kansas" put its foot on the right side of the line of Justice and Freedom, away back in '54, she has refused to take a backward step, until last month, when a bill passed the Kansas legislature for a separate High School in Kansas City. Perhaps this is the most serious blow Afro-American people have received in this century. At least the leaders so regard it. Not even Massachusetts could deliver a blow so penetrating as this coming from Kansas, the very mountains whither the troubled and persecuted blacks have always looked for strength and help.

The great influx of Southern people into Kansas City, Missouri, and the close proximity of Kansas City, Kansas, where these people have settled in large quantities, carrying with them their customs and prejudices and hatred against Afro-American people, are, of course, as no one denies or can, the bottom of the whole racket. We have been only sorry that Kansas has not been able to meet the invaders in the same spirit, and with the same aims, that old Kansans met the "border ruffians" before the Rebellion. Somehow the feeling that this is the only sure manner and spirit to deal with these people, is again taking hold of the Northern heart. Governor Hoch, a brave and conscientious man, said, when he signed the Separate School Bill: "I know this is a step backward; but I think local conditions justify it." If we were the Governor's tutor in logic, we might mildly suggest to him that no conditions can, at any time, or in any country

justify a "step backward." Nothing justifies a step backward; moral cowardice may often excuse such a step. We know over here in New York that "local conditions" are bad, if Southern people of Kansas City, have been given the upper hand in municipal affairs; and we know that "local conditions" will forever remain bad, unless these people are told flatfootedly that their company is all right, but their prejudice is out of order.

We can but feel that the race has been given a distinct set-back in this new Kansas school law; and the great masses of Afro-American people are feeling the same way. What the Afro-Republican voters of Kansas will do about it, remains to be seen. That they will do something, is a delightful fact!

Old Temple of Liberty

During the month of March, New York was again fired with the spirit of liberty, which shook the very foundation of this old town fifty years ago, and sent forth men and women to proclaim that of one blood God made all men; and that slavery was a crime, and they who indulged in the traffic sinned against Heaven and earth. The occasion for the revival of this old spirit was called forth in the celebration of the founding of the old Broadway Tabernacle, which has recently erected a new home at Sixtieth street and Broadway having disposed of the edifice at Thirty-fourth street.

The Broadway Tabernacle before the War of the Rebellion, was the great centre in New York of the anti-slavery sentiment. Here it was that Henry

Ward Beecher, Phillip Brooks, Frederick Douglass, William Lloyd Garrison, and other great orators of the cause preached against the iniquity of the land, and preached too in face of the yells and hisses of the rabble whom the Southern sympathizers through James Gordon Bennett, would send to these meetings to disturb and bully. The old cradle never yielded an inch, and before the war came on, and during the struggle, it had become known as the refuge and home of those who opposed the National Sin, and through the years, since the war, in which all faiths and men, save perhaps the Congregational Church and its leaders, have deserted the Afro-Americans to the mercy of their enemies, the Tabernacle has remained the one compicuous house of God in New York, that has been true, through good report and evil, to all that is ennobling.

From the stirring times at the Tabernacle fifty years ago have come strong men, who as youths, had casually dropped in to hear the discussions. They had their souls flamed with the passion of liberty, and became converts to the religion of it, going forth as apostles of freedom. Dr. Albert J. Lyman of Brooklyn, who preached the first sermon in these exercises now going on, was one of those converts.

Around the Tabernacle clings the history of a great revolution; and of it shall yet come a race that is strong and brave, which shall justify the labor of that church in behalf of a people who are sore and much afraid, but who hold in their hearts the deepest and abiding affection for the Congregational Church, the champion of the oppressed.

George Sewall Boutwell

IN THE death of George Boutwell, Freedom has lost one of her grandest guards and earth a noble soul. Forty years ago the name of Boutwell was a reverence in every liberty-loving home, and a terror to those who loved neither man nor Heaven. He was a resolute and daring soul, who courted, nor desired, the favors of those who sought to destroy the Republic by forging the chains of slavery. Perhaps to Governor Boutwell, as much as to any other man, was due the stability which attended the National Government during, and immediately after, the War of the Rebellion. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution will forever remain his greatest monument!

Although eighty years and more at the time of his death, he was actively engaged in the labors of the Anti-Imperialist League, of which he was president. He remained unto the last a friend of colored people, whose persecution called forth eloquent words from his soul, spoken for all humanity.

He will go down in history as the contemporary of Garrison, Sumner, and of Phillips! One by one the apostles of liberty are passing away.

As a Matter of Fact

MR. W. E. B. DUBoIS, a graduate of Fisk University, now a professor in Atlanta University, speaking at the Old South Church in Boston a few weeks ago, said, in the course of his recital of the history of Atlanta University, that Horace Bumstead will go down in history as the pioneer of the higher education of the Afro-American people. Prof. DuBois knows better than this, or rather

should. The pioneer in all education for Afro-American people, before Armstrong or any one else, was Erastus M. Cravath, the late President of Fisk University. Dr. Cravath founded both Fisk and Atlanta University. He founded Fisk in 1866, and founded Atlanta during the following year, before President Bumstead had appeared anywhere upon the scene. This is history, which the AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION is quite willing to substantiate.

We should not have to correct Mr. DuBois, for he is a graduate of Fisk University, and not of Harvard (only having done post-graduate work at the latter school), and he graduated during the administration of President Cravath. Atlanta University has done and is doing great work, but that fact does not allow her the crown which rightly belongs to another.

Summer School at Cheyney

PROF. HUGH M. BROWNE, Principal of Cheyney School in Pennsylvania, an institution of great worth and character, and to which we have before referred in these columns, has just announced that a Summer School, especially for teachers, will be conducted at Cheyney during the month of July. This is more than

good news to the teachers of the race, not only in the North, but throughout the country, who, we are sure, will attend the Summer School, if they are acquainted with the purpose of it.

The teachers from the South will come in great numbers, not only to get "into a colder climate for a little while during the summer," but because they shall be able to enjoy the healthy moral as well as physical atmosphere surrounding Cheyney. The Northern teachers will of course attend, because of the high grade of work that Cheyney will do in this new and needed feature, and because of the real rest of mind, as well as body, to be had at the institution. And it is hopeful to even contemplate the Afro-American teachers from the North and the South, meeting together upon some common and agreeable field, to become better acquainted each with the other, and more fully to understand the one great purpose of all teachers of the race.

Cheyney shall render the cause of education, and more especially the great number of colored teachers all over the Republic, a great and lasting service, in opening a Summer School, manned and conducted by masters, at such a low cost, as the authorities have announced.

The Blood of the People

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY



The following poem by John Boyle O'Reilly, the great Irish poet, appeared in THE NEW YORK MAIL, March 4, 1905. It is at once an appeal to reason, a vindication of the spirit of the land, and a plea for the communion and great sense of the masses. Mr. O'Reilly has always sung of the brotherhood of man; and of this none have sung sweeter or more true.

¶ blood of the people ! changeless tide, through century, creed and race !
Still one as the salt sea is one, though tempered by sun and place ;
The same in the ocean currents, and the same in the sheltered seas ;
Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympathies ;
Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and Gaul—
Mere surface shadow and sunshine ; while the sounding unifies all !
One love, one hope, one duty theirs ! No matter the time or ken,
There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men !

Thank God for a land where pride is clipped, where arrogance stalks apart ;
Where law and song and loathing of wrong are words of the common heart ;
Where the masses honor straightforward strength, and know, when veins
are bled,

That the bluest blood is putrid blood—that the people's blood is red.

The Advancement of Colored Women

BY MARGARET MURRAY WASHINGTON

“**T**HERE are 2,600,000 adult women illiterates in this country,” says a recent Southern writer. To be sure, this does not mean that all of these women—mothers of our boasted American civilization—are Americans of color, but it does signify that a very large majority of this number belong to what some people call the “Child” race. As long as this state of things exist there will be sore need of help in the form of time, strength, patience. I say patience, because I sometimes fear that many people who were at one time interested in the education of colored people, have become impatient. They do not regard the strides made by us sufficiently rapid ones. They want to see us do in thirty or forty years what the rest of the people of our country have taken hundreds of years to do. They imagine that we ought to be more capable than other races, and why? Simply because they do not stop to think of what we have had, and still have, and will have, for years and years to overcome.

My interest is in the race at large; men, women and children; for all must somehow pull up together, but I am here to-day to speak especially for that part of the race to which I belong; the woman, the mother—the one who more than any other is held accountable for the rearing, the honest development of the child, the citizen, the father, the

mother of the coming generations living in these days when more will and ought to be expected of us.

There are 8,840,789 colored Americans in our country; 4,447,568 of this number are females. These women live in all parts of the country; all the way from Maine to Mississippi, on plantations, in the smaller towns, in our great cities. Many of these are intelligent, many more are ignorant. Some are well off in this world’s goods, some are exceedingly destitute; some so far beyond your conception. Last spring I came upon a woman about fifty. She seemed much older. She had been struggling with the care of a consumptive daughter who had just died, leaving three small children for the grandmother to care for. This woman lived in a small open “mud-dobbed” cabin, no windows at all. She had no furnishings except her two beds and a few utensils for cooking with. The children were all too small to be of the least help. The woman had a cow which she had sold for a coffin.

She worked every day when she had the strength for fifty cents. Out of this she paid her rent, a dollar a month, fed and clothed these children, herself, and a deaf and dumb son. I met this woman the last of June. She said: “Mrs. Washington, I get along very well, but I wish I had a biscuit. I have not had one since Christmas.” To my query,

"What have you had yesterday and today?" she answered: "I have had some sweet potatoes." This story of hungering for a piece of flour bread went straight to me. But back to my sentence unfinished; some of these women are good, just as pure and true as any woman can be, despite the fact that a woman could write in one of our reputable journals and declare that she cannot conceive of such a thing as a virtuous colored woman; but alas! some of these women of my race are bad. They are only human.

We can make no proposition which would absolutely good of these and many essentially different groups of colored American women. It is a task which I shall not undertake. A task to which Burke referred when he said that no man can indict a whole race of people.

We cannot find the average colored woman any more than we can find the average woman in other races. The most any student will be able to do will be to estimate the size of the various groups of colored women. This is not even sufficient. The influence, efficiency and significance of one superior woman's life may be of far more value than that of a dozen drudges, and hence the statistical method could not do justice to this very human problem. Statistics negate individuality.

The census each year brings to us information that testifies to the gain in the life and activities of the colored population and of colored women especially. In the last census 1,095,774 colored youths attended our schools over the country: 586,767 were young women, 27,858 women as against 28,268 men

were enrolled in school from two to three months; 160,231 women as against 136,028 men attended school from four to five months, and 227,546 women as against 187,171 men attended school six months and more. These figures only bring to our minds the already established truth that girls attend school more continuously than boys.

There are a hundred public high schools for colored young people. The census shows the enrollment of 2,659 girls as against 2,974 boys in elementary grades and in secondary grades; 3,933 girls, 2,634 boys. In these schools 154 girls were enrolled in the Business Course, 792 in the Classical Course, 1,098 girls in the Scientific Course. In the Industrial Training Courses there were 709 girls and 550 boys, 501 girls graduated and 177 boys finished in 1900 and 1901 from the High School Course proper.

In the secondary and higher schools of the race there were 13,306 women and 9,587 boys in the elementary grades; 7,383 women and 6,164 men in the secondary grades; 740 women and 2,339 men in the Collegiate Course. In secondary and higher schools there were 17,137 colored students receiving the Industrial Training, of whom 11,012 were women.

These women in black have not accomplished these results on "flowery beds of ease." The men and women of the older generations, the mothers and fathers of yesterday have not been able to give them the home lessons necessary to the quickest development. They have by the sweat of their own brows, aided by the great hearts of the

North, helped themselves to get the education and the standing which they now have in many communities of our country. Many of our young women have worked their way through the schools, working during the summer in cotton fields with their parents; doing laundry work with their mothers, sewing for the neighborhood; doing domestic work for others or teaching the ordinary country schools. More careful training at home would have done much to fit these young people better to meet the great questions confronting them in their life's service.

Our schools are increasing every year, and the number of trained colored women is steadily and surely growing larger, and just in proportion as the women who have had advantages of time and money and heritage come up, so shall we also come up. We want our friends to trust us, to stand by us yet a little longer, to feel that we shall by our work for others of all races, in part, at least, repay them for their efforts for us.

There is naturally the question of whether the young colored woman coming out from the school shall be able to maintain in her life the ideals she has conceived from her school and her teachers. She does this by building up in the communities where she lives or works a society of her own, by getting together small groups of women and girls and trying to bring these up to see the light as she has been led to see it.

If one should take the time to go into the homes of these women, whether single or married, he would find a broadening of the family circle, tasty

furnishings, order, cleanliness, softer and nicer manners of the younger children, a more tender regard for parents, a stricter idea of social duties and obligations in the home. You may not weary of an illustration. Some years ago a young colored girl was living in a small Southern town. Her mother and five children lived in a house with a big room and a kitchen. This girl could not, would not be satisfied. She finished the little town school course, was examined, taught a country school for two years, saved enough money to go off to school. By the aid of friends ~~and~~ ^{and} ourselves she graduated. Her first thought was her home, her mother, her brothers and sisters. She began to teach in winter and dressmake in the spring and summer. She finally purchased a piece of land, put upon it a good substantial house of five rooms. A garden was made, a flower yard was kept in order—in short a home was created. To-day the old mother still lives, she—the daughter—still works. The brothers and sisters are all men and women who have followed the example of this older sister.

Who can doubt the influence of such a woman? And right here, I wish that our friends would take the time to see some of these homes. No one has the right to judge of a people by what he sees on the corners of streets, or at railroad stations. We find the best of other races at home, in schools, in places of business, in churches; so, with all races. There is another class of women who need special attention—the plantation sister. You who sit here cannot picture the social condition of this woman forty

years ago. There was no status for her except as a commodity. Mind, soul, body were bound in chains. To her there was no light, no home, no marital ties except perhaps in a few rare instances. Her daughters, born in the poverty-stricken cabin in the dawn of freedom, have come up through the days of toil, of wrongs, of contumely, without the first opportunity to educate hand, head or heart. "Stolid, stunned," they have lived far back on the old plantations in their miserable cabins. The mother, unable to impart the first teaching that would have made for the development of strong, sturdy, honest womanhood, cannot be held responsible for the spark of life that has failed. The black mothers on the plantations to-day "have lived the same lives their mothers have lived," and it is to them that the gospel of cleanliness, of true motherhood, of purified homes has been given and is being given by the daughters of the American Missionary Association.

Ten years ago, on one of these plantations, a daughter of the A. M. A. cast her lot, hoping to bring life and light especially to one hundred and fifty benighted women and children in the quarters of the place. Men whose time had been bought of the county by the planter were working out debts that were never paid, and the women and larger children half clothed, half starved, helped in the cotton fields. The small children were left in the cabins to eat from the pan on the hearth the remainder of the daily meals of bacon and cornbread, yellow with soda; and, the little ones, left to themselves, came up untaught in the first principles of right

living. In an unused cabin proffered by the owner of the plantation this young woman began her work. Broken places in the roof were mended, the rough boards of the inside of the cabin whitewashed, the floor scrubbed as clean as possible, and after the home-made, chintz-covered box furniture was arranged, she was ready to begin her lessons of life.

The conditions surrounding her might have appalled a fainter heart. She visited the unkempt cabins to find the mothers willing to send their children to the Sunday School. The parents were anxious to learn to read and write in the night school to be opened; and, not many weeks after, the children and parents' school were well patronized. That was the beginning. The mothers began to deposit money to buy homes, children were decently clad. The years have passed, and not a cabin on the plantation is without its garden of vegetables that was unheard of ten years ago. The settlement school has grown. The teacher lives in a three-room cottage. A small truck farm is run by the children of the school and many a prize has been given for fine fruit and vegetables raised by the efforts of the young people. Near the school is another cottage, where one of the first patrons of the school lives on a ten-acre lot that is well cultivated by the widow and her children. A daughter of the people, she is a fitting object lesson of thrift and industry, and the time is coming when the lessons learned in the tiny, worn out cabin will be springing up good fruit into everlasting life.

Another young woman educated by

one of the societies of the Association vowed to devote her life to helping others as she was helped to see the light, and for twelve long years she has been laboring in the thickly settled country districts of one of the States of the Black Belt. Beginning at the fountain head of the homes in her locality, she has worked out for the mothers of her school children an ideal home life that is telling most wonderfully on the social life of the community. A mother of mothers, she is working to develop the best in those who are lovingly dependent upon her for sustenance and direction of their homes. Their counselor is their banker and she has received many a nest egg that has developed and grown into sums that have paid for snug homes in the village.

I cannot forbear giving one more instance of another daughter of the Association who by earnest, steady effort has established a flourishing school of five hundred pupils in one of our Southern cities. The course extends from the Kindergarten to a Normal Course for training teachers, and every year thirty and forty young men and women enter the ranks of the workers or step into higher schools of learning to better fit them for the battle of life.

A mission Sunday School of 300 children, a Day Nursery, Sewing Schools, among the slums, district visiting, are among the outside interests of the busy worker, who believes with her whole heart that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

In city and country the status of our women is rising. Comparing yesterday

with to-day we thank God for the advancement. The efforts of our young women who have sat under the teachings of the A. M. A. are making for the advancement of those who have been without educational privileges, and slowly, but surely, the good work is radiating. Especially is this true as seen in the improved home life where good seed has been sown.

Better knowledge of the laws of health is disseminated by the thirty-five women doctors who are actively engaged in a warfare with the inherited weakness of the race. Four hundred and twenty-eight nurses have joined the ranks of workers, and I feel that the needs of the race are in a measure being met with better homes, skilled physicians, and nurses, who in their relation to the homes and the mothers of the race will aid materially in the development of sound bodies, fit for the indwelling of the better soul.

If we can have these, along with skilled physicians and nurses in other directions, we shall not disappoint our friends. Education is becoming more practical everywhere and amongst all peoples. So it should be. It was very natural that the colored fathers and mothers felt that they had worked for years, and when freed their children must not do so. They naturally forgot that they had not worked—they were worked. There is a great difference between working and being worked. It is a great privilege to work, to be independent, and no human being worked as an ox or a horse, simply carrying out the plan or conception of another man's mind, can measure up to any conceivable

standard of manhood or womanhood. If our young people are to do the best for themselves they must be taught, along with their literary studies, the beauty and strength they may gain in conceiving and perfecting a piece of work. If Geometry does not make it possible for a farmer to build his fences straight, to lay off his plots correctly, it is not of the greatest value to him. If Chemistry and Physics do not teach him the handling of the soil, the value of manure, etc., it has failed just to such an extent. The young women coming out from our schools in order to meet the larger opportunities of community work must be educated, and this means that they must be careful cooking teachers. Teachers of the arts of dress-making, millinery and weaving are in demand, and the time will come when our public schools will need women who can both think and act. These two things were never intended to be separate. In these later years educators and friends are coming to see this.

Many people make the claim that the young women do not use their education for others. They are not willing to come into a house and run the kitchen even after they have had the science which makes the work less a drudgery. They are not anxious to take charge of a nursery in a home even after they have learned the Kindergarten lullabies which are the delight of the children. But can you not see that one reaches a far greater number of others by going into a district and having classes in cooking of twelve and fifteen throughout the day, than she does by confining herself to one small kitchen? And is it

not natural for her to long for this bigger and broader field of usefulness? And so it is with the nursery, the laundry and other professions.

We need even larger numbers of women for our schools and communities. We are still looking to friends to help the A. M. A. to carry on its work. It cannot fail, for it has already gone too far. I repeat again that we shall not prove faithless to our trust. We hold the destiny of the race in our hands and we shall try to be what you expect of us. We want your confidence. We want you to have faith in us as women, determined to be the standard bearers of a people chastened and beaten and sore.

Putting before you the advancement of our women in their lives of preparation for service to the race, we have shown the number coming from our secondary schools, we have told of those taking professional training, the better to help in the survival of the fittest of the race, and we have given instances of the practical work being accomplished by a few, among hundreds of others of our women.

By the intelligent manipulation of steam power to day, the three days' journey of ten years ago between the North and the far South has been shortened to forty-eight hours. If, through the disadvantages of the past, we have made a start that is telling for the general advancement of our womankind, through the efforts of the workers of to-day, we shall soon reach the goal; for with the mothers of the race trained to meet the responsibilities of home and family ties; with the children forging

the links that combine the "education" of the heart, mind and hand, with thousands of the race maintaining comfortable homes of culture and refinement, we still have faith in the possibilities of a people that have come up through hard trials.

To the American Missionary Association and its numerous auxiliaries scattered throughout these United States, her colored daughters owe a debt of allegiance, first to the sainted pioneers of the Association who suffered ostracism and sacrificed their lives in the beginning of the work for the uplift of the freedmen. And again the daughters of the bondsmen pledge themselves by

the united effort to work for the redemption of their despised race, and they pray earnestly that members of the Association to-day working so zealously to frustrate the onslaughts of the enemies of the race may continue to extend a helping hand to the thousands reaching out after a better life.

The advancement of the women of the black race of America is assured. By the tremendous educative influences of the twentieth century, an epoch will soon be reached in the history of the black race of America that will be marked by the advancement of its women to the highest plane, and a consequent uplift of the masses of an outcast people.

The Dreamer

By CHARLES BERTRAM JOHNSON



LIKE vast nebulae spinning into space
Scintillant worlds of light, his fine spun dreams
Are nebulae of thought; no failure seems
To daunt him nor despair; but calm the face
He shows the world; if once he wept, no trace
Of tears appears; but still about him gleams
With loftiness of soul, a light that streams
Across our meaner paths and sordid place;
Like one who walks in mist or dusk is blurred,
He fares among mankind with lofty brow,
And half of what he dreams is true and wise,
Tho' indistinct and dim, like music heard
In sleep; but seldom does our faith allow
The wisdom of his clearer; subtler eyes.

The Gift of the Storm

BY FRANCES NORDSTROM

THE night was dark and a great storm raged upon the sea. The wind blew loud and shrill, and the waves tossed and beat against the shore in angry fury.

The people of the island were shut tightly in their little huts soundly sleeping, as such a storm as this was no stranger to the hardened, sea-bred fishermen and their families.

The only light to be seen burned brightly in the tower of the light-house some little way from the island down the coast, where Captain Gray, the keeper of the tower, stood with his field glasses at a small window anxiously scanning the angry waters.

Grey was a man of some sixty-nine or seventy years, and in his prime had been the commander of a larger merchantman, but advancing age and health compelled him to retire from active service, to forsake the deeps he loved for comparative shallows, but where with the "lip, lipping of the waters" still about him the regnant passion of his life for their companionship reigned grimly on.

The room in which he stood was small and bare, graceless of the little comforts and touches which women give, significant in its mute way of the two lives within it, for on a cot asleep lay the figure of a man. It were easy for the trained physiognomist to trace the relationship existent between these two, to recognize them as father and son, but

no scientific probe can sound the depths of human affection, and between them was an affinity of interest and a singleness of mind and heart bred of simple living and past trials borne together.

The old man stood for some moments silently gazing out into the darkness, then with a sigh and a mutter of "it's being a bad night," took his seat beside a little pine table and dropped his white head upon his withered hands.

Suddenly he roused, and, after a keen glance at the sleeper, pulled open a small drawer and took out a picture at which he looked long and sadly. Then gradually his eyes filled with tears and his hands trembled so that the bit of cardboard rustled in their grasp.

The bright and winsome face of a young girl looked up into his own, a girl of about seventeen years, with large mutinous eyes and a wealth of wavy dark hair. It was a promise, in the way that all faces are promises or histories, the promise of a quick, ardent, imperious and highly sensitive creature. What possibilities lurked in the red, resolute lips, what dreams lay hidden in the white brow. The quaint, home-cut gown fitted the dainty figure to perfection, grace and youth sat smiling on the throne of life, and the heart of the man who gazed was as ashes in his breast.

Eighteen years ago that night the old salt had seen this winsome "wee thing" become the wife of his only son, Addison,

with grave misgiving, for though he owned her charm and lingered almost with as much tenderness as her lover upon her beauty, his graver judgment, ripened by a wider experience of the world than had come to his boy, told him that no happiness could ensue from the match, for Bess West was a flirt and a romp, already spoiled by the adulation of men and the jealousy of maidenkind. However, with the insistence which only the very young and the very old possess, Addison had swept aside tender opposition, and with the magnificent egotism of manhood entered upon that estate which makes or mars most of his kind—marriage.

He was a fine, steady-going fellow, and his girl wife held all that was best of him in the white hollow of her dimpled hand, but not many months had elapsed, nor the glamor of the honeymoon quite faded, before he began to recognize the grave mistake they had both made. Her demands for excitement, what she was pleased to call "life," appalled the serious-minded, determined benedict, for considering his straitened circumstances and narrow opportunities, it was borne in upon him that he could not meet her expectations nor satisfy her temperament. The island life was dull, the fisher folk were so also, and mingling with his pain and regret at her restlessness and carping, was the recluse's fear of the mighty, pulsating world which lay far beyond his ken.

A year passed, a year of disagreements and some recrimination, and then there entered into the home that which should have healed all differences and smoothed

for both the way back to marital felicity. But matters grew from bad to worse, and one night, after a bitter quarrel over a mere trifle, Bess Addison disappeared from her home, taking her baby with her.

Wounded to the quick and smarting with a new sense of public shame, Addison refrained for a week from following her. Content in the thought that she had returned to her parents in a miff, he awaited some word or message, light as thistle-down, he told himself, but all sufficient to bring him to her, glad to take, if need be, whatever blame her haughty nature demanded. But the days sped without the white message of peace, and with a new fear working in his fevered brain he sought her, to find that she had left him indeed, and, in the companionship of some visiting tourists, completely disappeared. Vainly he followed, vainly he endeavored to trace her. Money, the great silencer of human tongue, had locked such lips as might have aided him, and with rage and despair consuming him he had returned to the drudgery of the light-house and the companionship of his father. Many times, unable to stand the sickening silence and the fears which only the loving heart can know for others cast upon unknown waters, he had started blindly out to follow her, but always a sense of duty to his fast fading father and a species of grim contempt for his own unsurmountable weakness, had conspired with him to drag him back to the island—and the winds and the waves told him nothing.

The man who had been sleeping suddenly awoke and started to his feet,

but the captain, engrossed with his thoughts, sat on until a hand was laid upon his shoulder and a voice exclaimed, "What are you doing, father?"

And then Addison Grey's eyes caught his wife's picture, a thing he had not seen for years.

The lines about his mouth tightened, over the prematurely grave face a pallor stole.

"Where did you get this, father?" he demanded, taking it up and devouring it with eager eyes.

"I have had it for a long time, Addison," explained his father. "I kept it from you as I felt sure it would only pain you, lad."

The younger man attempted to laugh. It ended in a groan. What use to masquerade with one who knew the secrets of his soul? He sat down weakly, shaken to the foundations of his very being. To think that an echo should rouse the ghost of his past—a picture, an insensate bit of paper! In the silence which followed, feeling was more eloquent than words. At last he spoke in a queer, concentrated voice.

"I was wrong in marrying her. What had I to offer a beautiful woman? And even when she made me see it, I was too stupid to take some other opening for us—to take her away—so she left me. I wronged her, but I loved her; I love her yet. And the child—the child! The long, empty years, father!"

The dull roar of a cannon boomed out to sea. The two men looked into each other's faces and passed in an instant out of the unrecoverable past into the strenuous present. The signal of dis-

tress came nearer and deepened into a steady repetition.

"A ship on the rock!" exclaimed Addison, hurriedly thrusting the photograph away. "The life-saving crew will be out soon. Good bye, I'm off with the boys."

He was right. Lights began to glimmer along the shore. Shouting men rather hither and thither, and the voices at times encouraging and advising one another rose over the roar of the storm. After many vain attempts Addison managed to launch a boat and, after a desperate struggle with the waters, reach the main shore, where he was quickly accepted as part of the first crew to the rescue. It was a battle for life, and every strained muscle responded to the uttermost before the ship was reached, but not before she had dashed repeatedly upon the rocks and was sinking fastly. Only a few remained upon the fated vessel. Many boats had been lowered, but the black waters swallowed them and those in them went down to death.

Clinging to a broken spar was the figure of a woman. She was rapidly losing strength, and suddenly she dropped. The water splashed and covered her, but brawny arms were outstretched and quick hands drew her into the boat. A lad and two sailors were also caught as they rose to the surface, and, after some further futile search, the life-boat pulled for the shore. It was even a more difficult struggle. The fiends who wait on human destruction were with the elements, and inch by inch the hardy fishermen fought their way to safety with the human

cargo, until willing helpers on the shore rushing to their help cheated the cruel sea of its prey.

Addison carried the woman he had been most instrumental in saving to a nearby house, leaving her in the charge of a good fish-wife, and then, with affectionate impulse, stirred perhaps by the earlier scene of the night, started out in the face of protest and danger for the light-house and his father.

The morning dawned bright and clear. The sea was calm—the placid, rippling calmness which seems to succeed its fury and mark its attempt once more to soothe the minds of those who live upon it into a species of infatuated confidence.

The house to which Addison had borne his burden was quiet, and a species of enforced anxiety encompassed its members. Several times Mother Allen looked into a room where a woman lay exhaustedly sleeping, but no sign or sound issued forth, and at last she stole into the room and bent anxiously over the sleeper. The old woman started and drew back.

"Where have I seen that face before?" she muttered. "It ain't no stranger to me."

A decidedly beautiful girl lay before her. The raven hair, curling in wet ringlets about her, threw into sharp contrast a white face and dark, silky lashes. The lips were parted, the short upper one with its overripe fullness suggesting a haunting memory. Mother Allen stood gazing fixedly at her charge, the look of fright deepening on her kindly features. Hurriedly she left the

room to return in about half an hour with Addison Grey. He tramped in timidly. A look of embarrassment softened the chill face, and the evident shrinking of the strong, self-reliant character from praise or notice was visible in each motion. It had occurred to him that this waif of the waters would offer him reward, or submerge him in a torrent of grateful words, and both were equally distasteful.

"What do you want with me here?" he exclaimed when it dawned upon him that the woman still slept. "I will see her again. This is no place—no time—"

But the fish-wife caught him by the arm.

"Wait," she cried in trembling accents. "Wait, man. May be my sight's failing me, and it may be I'm plum crazy, but—look at her, look at her."

And with that the old woman ran out of the room.

He looked and staggered back, every drop of blood in his body rushed to his heart.

"Great God!"

A haze fell over his eyes. Surely death was such as this—and then he found he had slipped to his knees beside the bed and the girl had moved. As she did so Addison caught a tiny gold chain worn around the white throat with a small locket attached. Mechanically he opened it and looked—looked straight into his own eyes.

The locket fluttered unheeded to the floor, and Addison Grey gathered his sleeping child to his breast and sobbed aloud.

America's Leading Musicians**Johnson, Cole and Johnson**

THE best known song writers in America, are James W. Johnson, Bob Cole and Rosamond Johnson. The latter Mr. Johnson and Mr. Cole are not only authors, but they have made a reputation, which they are sustaining, as comedians of high degree. The songs written by Johnson, Cole and Johnson, have enjoyed a larger sale than

the songs of any other source. They are not "coon song" in the common acceptance of that term; they are interpretations of the soul music of the Negro people.

In New York their services are constantly required in the writing of the music for the leading plays. The music of "Humpty Dumpty," a



J. ROSAMOND JOHNSON



JAMES W. JOHNSON

gorgeous spectacle, which recently enjoyed a sixty night run at the Amsterdam theatre, and which drew thousands to it usually every evening, was written by these masters, for such they are. They have recently signed a contract to write the music for the plays of Klaw and Earlander, the most successful theatrical managers in America.

An idea of the extent to which their musical ability has been appreciated by the world, may be gained in to better way than by the royalties which have come to them. Last year alone, the royalties on their songs amounted to \$28,000. Five years before at the end of the year they owed their publishers \$1,500.

These men have made a new thing

out of Negro music, and such that the Afro-American people are not ashamed of! A new music was demanded, and it is gratifying that the race had within it the men to write it. And they wrote it so the whole world would sing.

Mr. James W. Johnson, the poet of the Company, is a gentleman of rare merit and ability. He is a graduate of Atlanta University, and hold its Masters's degree. For a number of years he was principal of the public schools in Jacksonville. He has written, and still writes, poetry that is poetry.

We shall hope that Mr. Johnson will give out something permanent, and worth while [in fiction or verse, which he can do it he so desires.



BOB COLE

An Adventure in the Big Horn Mountains**Or, The Trials and Tribulations of a Recruit**

BY EUGENE P. MERRISON

Squadron Sergeant-Major, 10th Cavalry, U. S. Army

PART I

EARLY in October, 1893, a Squadron of the Tenth Cavalry, consisting of Troops B, E, G and K, stationed at Fort Custer, Montana, proceeded on its annual practice march under command of Lieut.-Col. D. Perry. "Practice March" is a march made by troops, foot and mounted, annually, for the purpose of giving "recruits" (young soldiers) an idea of field service, a knowledge essential to the duties of a soldier in time of actual warfare, and to give older soldiers more practice and experience in the duties and knowledge pertaining to the same.

Each troop, with but few exceptions, was filled with recruits who had never crossed the plains of that wild, historical country before. But all were filled with "field aspiration" and were as gleeful as their older comrades in taking the field. The course of march was to a point about 45 miles southwest of the fort leading along the Big Horn River to the Big Horn Mountains, thence by return through the Little Horn Valley, by the historical Custer Battle Field to post, traversing an entire distance of more than 120 miles. The period of the march was only ten short Montana days. The first day out from the fort found a great many of our "recruit aspirants"

wishing that they were at home by their mothers' side, or at least in post, for their seating capacity was very much worn from fare, wear and tear, occasioned by their inability to maintain a firm seat in the saddle during several miles of the regulation gait of eight miles an hour. One of the most effected aspirants was, with much regret, the writer of this story.

The soldiers were, of course, a jollier set of men than their would-be recruit comrades, for some of them had "been there" many times before in actual warfare against hostile Indians.

Nothing was very certain with the younger soldier until after "Mess Call" (supper), when all were soon stretched out upon their improvised beds, having unconditionally succumbed to the effects of his first day's experience, leaving the old soldier awake to participate in the usual camp fire yarns. However, the recruit was persistent in his determination to accomplish the journey without casting discredit upon his ability as a cavalryman, the next day having closed with him in a far better condition to endure a long, continuous journey.

All went very well with the boys for several days. About the fifth day out from post the command remained over

in camp a day to allow the horses and men to recuperate and to give to those who desired it, an opportunity to fish and hunt, and enjoy the full benefit of field life. It was on this very day that Privates Collins, Walden and I, all members of Troop K, obtained permission for an extensive hunt and general exploration of the Snow-Capped Mountain that seemed only a few miles from camp. After the regular and customary duties were performed, armed each with carbine and revolver, we proceeded on our journey. The first two or three miles were made without incident. Upon arriving at what first seemed like the foot of the great range of mountains, we were surprised to find ourselves confronted by a great canyon that seemed to be habitated by nothing but game of the largest and most dangerous kind, such as bear, deer, wolves, coyotes, wild cats, and a number of other gentlemen and ladies of the animal species that would proudly welcome such adventurous young soldiers as we into their community. After a few minutes' pause of wonder we decided to descend into the great valley below that seemed, with the exception of a gentle breeze, as silent as death. Being armed with a 45-calibre carbine and revolver each, we thought we were as brave and defiant as a recruit could be under ordinary circumstances, each being extremely nervous and shaky under the weight borne upon his legs.

At any rate, we proceeded (after drawing lots to see who should precede) by file down a narrow trail that wound its way into the great canyon below. I have always been unlucky since, but I

was fortunate enough that day to draw the lot that entitled me to "bring up the rear." When about two-thirds of the way down the trail Walden, who preceded, came to a sudden stop and looked around with astounding countenance, as though the next step would have precipitated him into eternity. Collins, who stood at his back, was apparently in the same predicament. After carefully and cautiously scrutinizing the country in the immediate vicinity, I saw to my surprise a large "Grizzly" standing upon his hind legs bowing to each and every one of us as gracefully as if by pre-appointment. Taking the situation in at a glance, I brought my 45-calibre to my right shoulder and without sighting (being extremely nervous) pulled the trigger. This seemed to be great sport for Mr. "Grizzly," who shook his head as an indication of a miss. At this stage of affairs Walden, who was by virtue of his lot, and owing to his inability to climb the cliffs on either side, still in front, fired the shot that caused our informal friend to drop to his all-fours and make a hasty retreat. Being inspired with what we thought was an accomplished feat we, or rather they,—for I remained a little in the rear to reload my rifle—proceeded to follow at a rapid pace. Collins being more inspired than either of us, succeeded by some way or another in getting in front of Walden, in order to claim the skin of the beautiful black bear.

After reloading my rifle I took up a fast gait, to at least be on hand at the "skinning," and had proceeded only a short distance when, to my surprise, I beheld Collins beating as hasty a retreat

as circumstances would permit under emergency conditions, followed as closely as conditions would allow by Walton and our "friend," in the order named.

In some way Collins had succeeded in successfully giving Walden the "leap frog act" in his effort to reach the point of starting.

It wasn't long, however, before the situation was thoroughly comprehended by me, and as the vote seemed unanimous, it fell to my lot to lead, and having, at the point of starting, at least twenty feet advantage, I soon succeeded in coming out No. 1 at the top of the hill. It was soon apparent to our "friend" that he was no match for this fleet-footed trio, for Collins was second to top of hill, followed closely by Walden by at least a neck. We soon saw that it was time to try some of our knowledge acquired during target season. Although recruits, we were marksmen, but needed only a little staying quality, which is very essential to a soldier. We succeeded by our combined efforts in sending our "friend" to the "happy hunting ground."

After having accomplished this, we decided to resume our journey and accomplish our desire to reach the great snow capped mountain that seemed as far now as before leaving camp. Returning along the trail we were more enthusiastic and adventurous than ever. After reaching the valley we were in the midst of one of the most beautiful scenes in Southwestern Montana, being surrounded with wild flowers of every variety and a beautiful brooklet running gently by. After spending a short time there we proceeded across the valley to

the foot hills that seemed only an outpost to the great mountain beyond. We successfully reached the table land, and sat down to partake of a small lunch that we had thoughtfully prepared before leaving camp. Having rested about fifteen minutes, we continued our tramp. When within what seemed a few rods of the mountain, we were even more surprised to find that the greatest valley in Montana laid between us and the lone Snow-Capped Mountain, being more than seven miles wide. However, we were determined, and carefully groped our way far into its interior. The greatest problem now remained to be solved: How could we reach the lone mountain that held a commanding position overlooking the entire country for hundreds of miles around.

The day had begun to close, the sun having long before crossed the meridian, and night was near at hand; but we pressed bravely on. At last we came to the base of the great mountain, which was very steep and appeared to be seldom frequented. After a short pause we attempted to climb to its summit, but without avail. Night having silently crept upon us a speedy return was necessary in order to reach camp, which was more than ten miles away. We at once began the return trip, and succeeded in crossing the great valley before darkness fell with all her dismal.

We were still adventurous and full of glee, and our hope of reaching camp was as strong as that of reaching the mountain, which now was our only guide; for by keeping the mountain directly behind us we were sure of landing safely at camp. All trace of

trail or road having been lost, we were at the mercy of the howling wolves and crying coyotes that seemed almost upon our very heels. Having reached an unsurpassable cliff, we were obliged to detour our line of march, and by so doing laid ourselves liable to spending a night among the wild creatures.

By mere chance we came to the very stream that passed through our camp, and by keeping in touch with it were able to reach camp at about 10 o'clock

that night, very much worn from our experience. We were aware of two calls that we had failed to respond to, and immediately proceeded to explain our absence to the 1st Sergeant, who was sitting in his tent smoking an old cob pipe. After listening attentively to our tale of woe he promptly took us over to explain the little incident to the Troop Commander, who immediately gave us orders for the next day, which meant to "take pains and walk."

The Tuskegee Negro Farmers' Conference

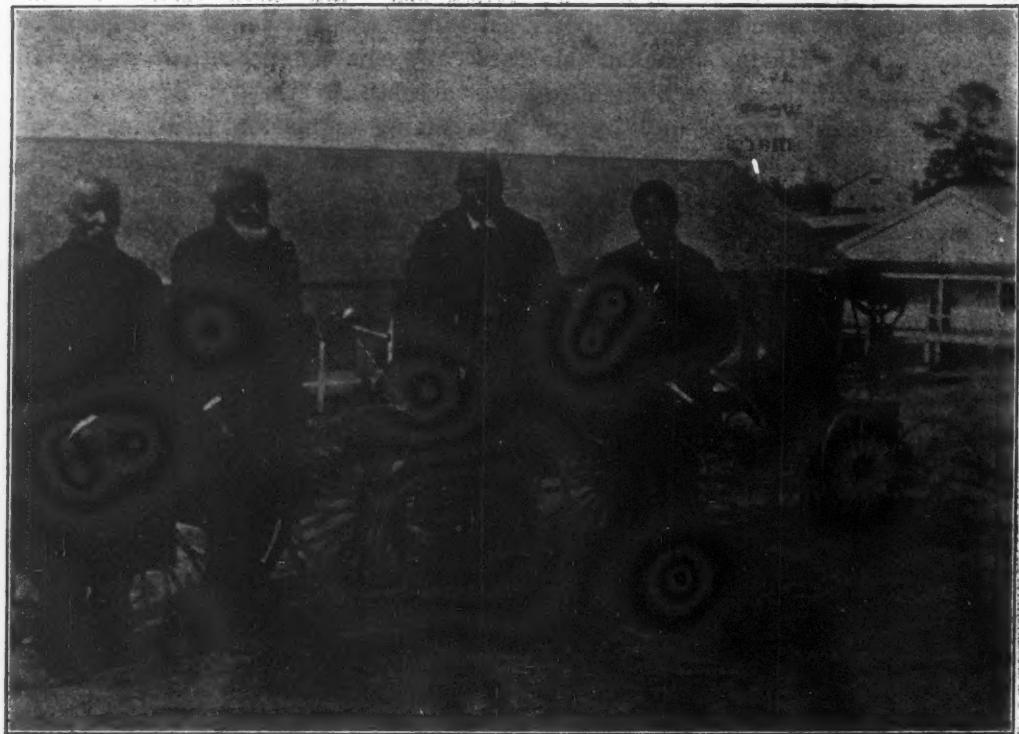
BY JANE E. CLARK

Dean of the Woman's Department, Tuskegee

THE first Farmers Conference was held at Tuskegee fourteen years ago, when Mr. Washington, unwilling that the ministry of Tuskegee should be confined to the members of the immediate Tuskegee household, sent out invitations to the local farmers to come together at the school for a day's discussion of their condition and their needs and of ways of improving them. A motley gathering of the more thrifty and ambitious responded to the first call. The conditions, which the first meeting brought to the front, justified a second similar gathering and the following year, the second Annual Tuskegee Negro Conference was held. A few high lights appeared in the sombre picture of the year before:—a hearty desire for better

teachers and ministers, a few acres of land owned, attempts to get away from the one-room cabin. And so the influence of the Tuskegee Negro Conference has grown, until at the recent gathering, held February 22, and 23, representatives were present from every Southern State except Virginia and Kentucky; from the District of Columbia, the Empire of Germany; many Northern States were also represented by persons who came to hear from the lips of the farmers themselves the story of their struggles, their successes and their failures!

Three weeks of continued rain had made the clay-soaked roads in the vicinity of the school well-nigh impassable and only the more courageous of the farmers braved them and rode in on mule back



FOUR DELEGATES TO THE FARMERS' CONFERENCE

or behind mixed teams of mules and oxen. But the trains brought in large companies from adjacent counties and from distant states. The child-like faith of these simple hardworking tillers of the soil was voiced by one man who said: "Faithfully I prayed unto the Lord that He would give us a good sunshiny day and I believe he heard my prayer."

Mr. Washington presided over the meeting, and after commenting on the great moral gain for both races in the almost total disappearance of lynching, reviewed rapidly the progress of the Negro race, a progress evidenced by the possession of \$300,000,000 worth of pro-

perty, nearly two hundred thousand farms and twenty eight thousand churches. The meeting was then turned over to those who had journeyed many miles to be present at this their one-day-a-year in school.

So eager were they to recount their success and progress during the past year, that hardly had Mr. Washington finished his closing sentence before a thrifty farmer arose to tell of conditions in Ellington, S. C. This man owned 599 acres of land, but pertinent questions with reference to the school in this community brought out the fact that the building was poor and the term short. "When you come back next year we

want you to tell us what you have done for your school," was the suggestion given him by Mr. Washington, and his man went back to his home conscious that the leader of Tuskegee is personally interested in the growth of the little school at Ellington. This man will, I doubt not, bring to the next Conference an interesting account of the progress of his school.

Testimony followed testimony,—one farmer from Arkansas, a man with little learning but possessing abundant common sense and a marked personality naively confessed, in answer to Mr. Washington's query as to how much land he owned, that he "paid taxes" on 1,800 acres. Many who started with nothing, and some with less than nothing, for they began in debt, told how, by dint of mighty sacrifices, they had been able to acquire a few acres of land, some live stock and a bank account. Mr. R. L. Smith, of Texas, brought interesting reports from the "Woman's Barnyard Auxiliary of the Farmer's Improvement Society of Texas," an organization which, in spite of the name, does effective work in the marketing of butter, eggs, cheese and truck garden produce.

Tuskegee has, from the first, recognized that from the "poor, miserable, hampered, despicable, Actual," the Negro must work out his Ideal, and the one-room cabin, the one-crop system and the ownership of land have been the paramount issues, but this year, while the old issues were not neglected, the discussions centered about the Negro public school. No speaker in the Farmer's Conference escaped Mr. Wash-

ington's pertinent though sympathetic questions as to the condition of the school house, length of school term, quality of teachers and ministers. The answers to the questions revealed a lamentable lack of public school facilities throughout the rural South. Teachers are poorly equipped and yet more poorly paid for the work which they are attempting to do. The school terms range from six weeks to four months. Many colored children have no school advantages at all. Reports showed that the public funds were wholly inadequate. One district in Alabama receives six dollars from the county for the maintenance of the colored school. This injustice in the distribution of the school funds was discussed in calm dispassionate fashion. These men were ambitious for their children,—they were conscious of the odds against which they had to struggle, but one listened in vain for a note of bitterness. Many of the more prosperous patriarchs of the Black South were distinctively men of power, men of energy and resource. They were unlettered, but as they rose to discuss subjects that were vital to them, one could not help but feel that such power, such energy and resource, would, if developed, make any race great.

The Workers' Conference, which was held the next day, took its cue from the Farmers' Conference. The teachers and leaders of the colored race, who had been sitting the day before, at the feet of those whom they sought to help, had learned from them what was their greatest need. They accordingly gave the entire day to the discussion of the Negro Common School.

The most striking speech of the Workers' Conference came from the lips of a Southern white man, who presented the views of the Southern white people with reference to Negro education.

"The Negro, both in slavery and out of slavery had contributed," he said, "to the progress of the South, but it must not be forgotten that the South has been built up by the brain of the Southern white people." To sum up his argument:—the South was not able at the present time to provide adequate school facilities for both races, and felt that in equity, it must educate its own children first, the colored children later, when more adequate school funds should have been provided. It was interesting to get this view point. It shows that the Southerner is forgetful of the fact that the Negro pays tremendous indirect taxes in the form of rent, that the Negro in many places, not only supports his own school, but taxes paid by him are going largely to the support of white schools, and more vital, that the withdrawal of

the small amount of money that the state contributes toward the support of Negro schools involves too fundamental a principle, a principle of repression which is sure to have its own reaction.

The social consciousness of the whole South needs to be aroused, and the States taught to do their duty toward "all the children of all the people." Mr. Washington urged his hearers to continue to supplement the meagre school fund from private sources, lest their children grow up in ignorance, and in the meantime to appeal constantly to the sense of justice which is the characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon. This appeal, he felt, would not return to them void. As one came out from this two days discussion of the problems that vitally concern nearly nine millions of people, who are struggling for economic freedom and a larger life, one could not help but breathe the prayer that this vigorous faith of the great leader might in time create the thing it longs for.



A Voice From Haiti

BY COUNT JACQUES PAQUIOT DE PILATE



Count Paquiot is a descendant of the nobility that ruled in the island of Haiti before it was created a Republic. He is a political exile, and while away, more for his safety than his health, is touring this country, giving stereopticon exhibitions on Haiti, and learning all that he possibly can about American politics and institutions.—[THE EDITORS.]

FOR the past few weeks I have been following the Santo Domingo question in the papers of this country, with an interest that cannot be described, but may partly be understood by the intelligent American, and fully understood by any genuine Negro patriot, after carefully reading the article, in which my sentiments are inadequately expressed.

I am very much grieved to note that the situation has become so very complex and deplorable in the Republic of Santo Domingo, that President Morales and his advisers have realized the necessity of calling upon the United States to assist them in adjusting their difficulties, for more than one reason, a few of which follow:

First—Because the enemies of the race, although shallow-brained, can and will continue to do us great injury. They will at once use this as an argument in favor of the theory of the Negro's inability for self-government, forgetting that Morales and his clique are not the whole Dominican Republic, and that the present difficulty could and would have been adjusted without the assistance of the United States, if



COUNT JACQUES PAQUIOT DE PILATE]

Morales had not usurped the Presidency, and had allowed the thoughtful, progressive, patriotic and competent element, with General Juan Isidro Jimenes at its head, continue to direct the affairs of the government—a task to which the President has realized he is not equal.

I am personally acquainted with Morales, and feel that I do him no injustice

when I say that he would willingly sacrifice nine-tenths of the universe, if it were in his power to do so, in order to rule undisturbed over the other tenth.

The second and most painful reason is, that it will place Santo Domingo under a moral obligation to the United States, and at some future time such an obligation might be used by her as an excuse to obtain the much-coveted Baie de Samana as a naval station.

The reader will doubtless recall the clause in the treaty by which the United States Government agrees to respect the territorial integrity of the Dominican Republic.

I have read this clause most carefully, but it does not allay any fear. I feel quite certain that the treaty, in its entirety, will be kept as long as President Roosevelt is in office; this means four years, or probably eight.

My fears are not for the present, or the near future, but for the distant future. The United States has only produced one George Washington, one Wendell Phillips, one Abraham Lincoln, one John Brown and one Frederick Douglass. The supposition, therefore, that she will produce only one Theodore Roosevelt is not an unreasonable one. The careful and intelligent observer cannot fail to note that the United States is drifting rapidly into the hands of parvenus, and ere the inevitable and fatal consequences of such a condition can be remedied many an honorably-made treaty will have been violated, and countless lives lost in the attempt to prevent it.

It seems to be a very easy thing for the average American to see disinter-

ested friendship in the present friendly attitude of the United States toward Haiti and Santo Domingo; but, it is very hard for the Haitien to regard this sudden change from indifference to brotherly love as disinterestedness, despite his knowledge of President Roosevelt's bravery and courage, and strong faith in his integrity. There were times when Haiti needed the assistance and sympathy of the United States; but to-day we need her friendship with mutual respect.

I will not stop to consider our struggle for independence—1792-1804—to which the United States could not give assistance, nor manifest sympathy for our cause, for reasons too well known. But let us pass to 1847, when the earthquake destroyed our cities. There was a splendid opportunity to give assistance and show sympathy. I am proud to say that such assistance did not materialize, nor was any sympathy expressed.

By a little vigilance and severity on the part of the United States Government she could have prevented two-thirds of the expeditions of arms and ammunition from leaving her ports successfully, and without which the revolutions, that are responsible for the present deplorable state of affairs in Haiti and Santo Domingo, could never have been started. Instead, this country was almost altogether indifferent.

The last, and most puzzling of all of these problems to the Haitien, is: How, in the name of all that is reasonable, can a government that is powerless to extend its arm over its own territory and protect the Negroes here, who need protection from injustice by burnings at the-

stake, lynchings, etc., and to whom it owes this protection, become so suddenly and deeply in love with the Negroes of Haiti and Santo, Domingo and it is willing to cross the ocean and spend millions of dollars, if necessary, to protect them—to whom they do not owe protection—as an evidence of its love and friendship.

Should the United States, at some future time when it may not be her good fortune to have a Theodore Roosevelt in the Presidential chair, take advantage of the obligation under which Morales is placing Santo Domingo; and ask for and obtain the Baie de Samana; the Monroe doctrine will be still upheld, the prestige of the United States unimpaired, while the Haitien Constitution will be violated, and Haitien and Dominican prestige impaired. Should, on the other hand, Santo Domingo refuse, the Dominicans and Haitiens, as a whole, will be branded as ingrates, simply because a clique, with Mr. Morales at its head, had placed the country under a fatal obligation by their insatiable love of power.

The intelligent and progressive Haitiens and Dominicans can see no reason why, with the consummation of their own progressive ideas, they will not need Le Mole St. Nicolas and La Baie de Samana for their own naval stations some day.

Whether the world brands us as ingrates or not—we have been branded as criminals for the past one hundred years—we do not intend to allow our Constitution to be violated, in order

that the Monroe doctrine may be upheld.

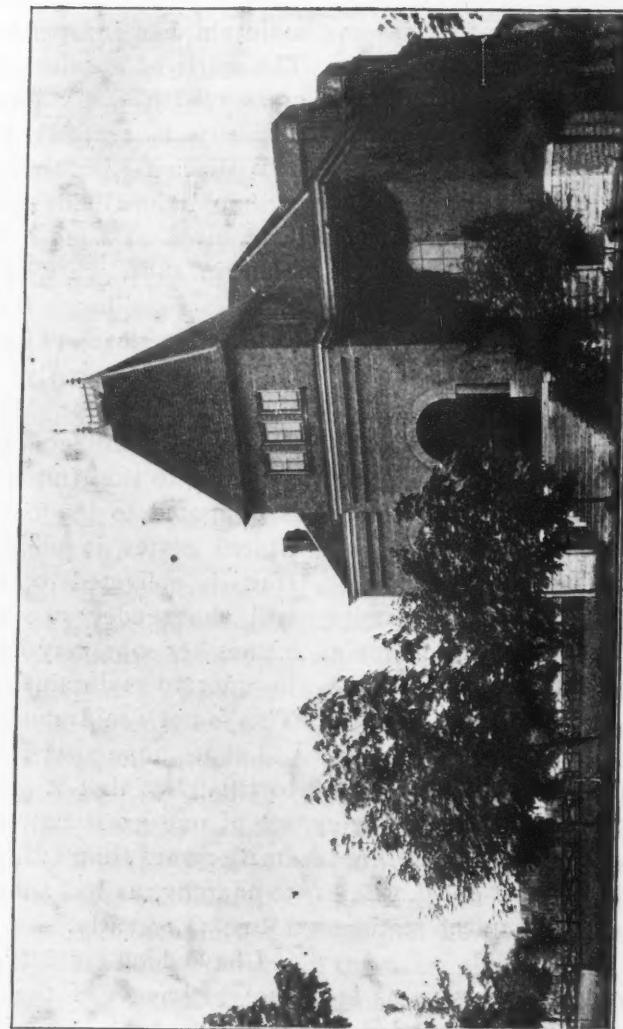
We are just as determined to uphold our Constitution as the Americans are to uphold the Monroe doctrine, which, I must confess, like the majority of Americans, I do not understand. Haiti will maintain her independence at any cost. The spirit of absolute independence increases with every generation, and its necessity is realized whenever prominent Haitiens visit the United States.

Should the Goddess of Independence demand of us such a sacrifice as was made in 1804, we would make it with much more willingness than it is possible for the Americans to imagine.

Liberia is morally obligated to the United States for her independence; Columbia is obligated to Haiti; Cuba is obligated to the United States; Panama is obligated to the United States; the United States is obligated to France; Haiti is obligated to God, and to Him will she render account for whatever crimes her sons may be made to commit in order to maintain her independence. This is not a midsummer's night dream.

Let us hope that it will never come to this; but that it will all end in the act of one great nation preventing two smaller ones from falling a helpless prey to anarchy, as has another great nation (Russia) recently.

I have done my duty. I have voiced the sentiments of the best elements of Haitiens and Dominicans. Time will now decide for or against us. Should it decide against us, we shall take refuge under the shield of "Errare humanum est."



THE GYMNASIUM OF FISK UNIVERSITY

Fisk University; A Light Upon a Hill

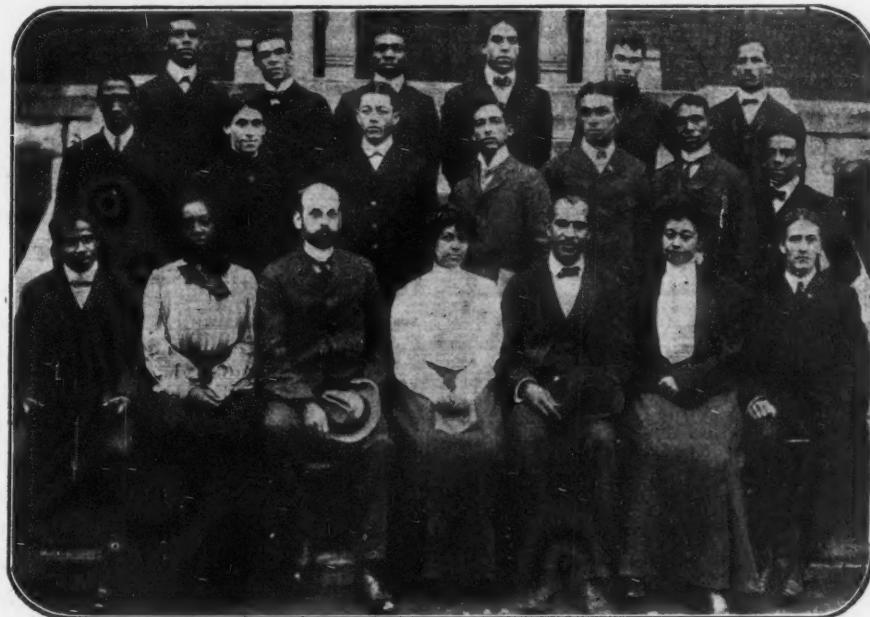
The Foremost Afro-American University

BY R. C. MURRAY

WHEN Erastus Cravath, the pioneer in Negro education in this country, at that time a Chaplain in the Union Army, a man of God, and a lover of all mankind, planted Fisk University upon a hill west of Nashville, he knew that it was to be a candle unto the path of the emancipated black people of the South, but he did not dream then that it would grow into such a flaming light, to be recognized as the leading Negro institution in the country; for the highest development of all who might apply and the spreading of the gospel of truth throughout the world. He planted a little seed, and

behold a tree of knowledge, that resteth and nourisheth all who may tarry a little while. There are other institutions in the South for the education of the Afro-American, but they have lost their savor, because, in the main, two masters have they striven to satisfy, and as a consequence, they have pleased neither, nor served, as they should, the cause of education. Fisk's power is in its unwavering fidelity to the aims and thoughts of its founder who consecrated Fisk as he himself was consecrated: to the salvation of the souls of men and women, and the development of their heads and hearts.

Fisk University was founded in 1866



CLASS OF 1905, WITH PROFS. TALLEY AND WATERMAN



THE MODEL SCHOOL OF FISK UNIVERSITY

under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, by Erastus M. Cravath. Dr. Cravath, served as a Chaplain in the Union Army, and his services had terminated while he was around Nashville with General Clinton B. Fisk, who was designated to close out the affairs of the Union at Nashville after the War, and after whom the University was named.

The present head of the University, Dr. J. G. Merrill, admirably describes the first home of the school, when he says that "it was cradled in the barracks," that had formerly been occupied by the Federal troops and which were utilized for a university, because there was no other building obtainable, and

because the flood of students was so great, that provision had to be made somewhere and somehow for them. Perhaps no school in this country, has ever been opened with as many students applying for admission the first day, as the number that besieged Fisk in its wooden barracks' home. The boys and girls, and men and women, came because they desired to learn, and because the men who promised them something for the heart, and for the head, had written on their foreheads, sincerity of purpose, and sympathy and belief in them.

From the beginning of the school, before it left the barracks, before the Curriculum was laid out, the policy of it was declared to be: Education, and as

much of it as the individual desires or can use. From that policy the institution has wavered never an inch.

Shortly after the opening of the school it became evident to the founders, in view of the increasing attendance, and confidence expressed for its future, that the institution must find a home—a real, permanent home. Fort Gillam in the Northwest part of Nashville, was chosen. This is the most beautiful section of Nashville. I have never seen,

and the numerous other sources calling on its purse for help, rendered it unable to assist Fisk as it desired, and as Fisk deserved. The situation was ill, and the outlook gloomy. And since material failed, spirit, in the natural course of things, became the only reliance. Out of this condition, to the call of both necessity and duty, came forth perhaps the most remarkable set of people the Republic had ever seen; remarkable for their identity, purpose and thought;



LIVINGSTON HALL, FISK UNIVERSITY

in all my traveling so ideal a spot for an institution. And I have seen no institution that fits so well into its site. But a beautiful site for an institution without the buildings necessary to carry on the work, is as bad, if not worse, than no site at all. And the question—where to get the money for building—in all the history of Fisk University was the most vexing and embarrassing. The small revenues, at that time of the AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

fidelity, and methods. To relieve the embarrassment of the school, and to assist in laying a permanent foundation of it, and, unconsciously, to educate the world to a higher appreciation of the instinct and possibility of the American Negro, came forth the Fisk Jubilee Singers.

The history of the Jubilee Singers is known of all men. Under the supervision of Prof. George L. White, of blessed memory, this band went out into the

world, in face of persecution and indescribable hardships, prejudice and poverty, and virtually sang up Jubilee Hall, which cost \$100,000, and which sum required seven years of the sweetest singing ever heard on earth to raise. I wish I had more time and space to linger over the history of these singers, who so nobly and unselfishly laid the foundation of Fisk. Few bands shall be accorded a place higher in the history of this Republic, for loyalty, for love of fellowman, and for sacrifice.

From this time, when then the permanency of the University was assured, it has wielded a mighty and wholesome influence upon the life of the colored people of the Nation. The buildings are now valued at \$300,000, while the endowment is only \$60,000.

The graduates of Fisk number over five hundred, and they are scattered all over the country. The number of undergraduates are perhaps three times this number, and they, too, are to be found in every section of the land. But graduate, or undergraduate, the man or woman who has gone out from Fisk University, has been prepared to do good and ennobling work on behalf of their people. Not only have they been prepared, for preparation without actual work is criminal, but they have engaged and are engaging in that kind of labor, calculated to lift up their people on the one hand, and to prove the capabilities of their race, on the other. A census of the teachers of the colored people in the

South, in the most densely populated states will prove that Fisk University has furnished more teachers, proportionately, than any other institution. A census of the men and women who are battling, where they stand, for the rights of their people, will show that Fisk has a larger number than any institution in the South.

The University teaches and has always taught, that character before training of any kind is correct education. It established itself to fight caste, which the founders of the institution foresaw would attempt to shackle the emancipated, unless that education calculated to promote the ideal, were given them. It insists on the inculcation of Christian culture in the individual.

Fisk trains men and women for leadership, because, in the main, Christian leaders have done most, and are doing most, to lift the great mass. Education means service; and service means nobility, and the institution has always kept the missionary spirit squarely to the front. All over the South are men and women from the University who are working in the most isolated places, among the lowly, carrying, as it were, to their people the light of the Life.

If the University were endowed, as it must eventually be, because of its prestige and influence and moral weight, it could train a larger number of men and women to go out and lift their people from the swamps of ignorance. We have faith that God will raise friends for the school.

The Guardian of Teresa

BY T. H. MALONE

I was South looking after my father's interests in the firm of Hodges & Wilmot, Turpentine and General Naval stores dealers, my father being senior member of the firm. My inspection of the farms and the condition of the work was over and I decided to make a trip of thirty miles on horseback through the country to catch a train. The sun was fast sinking and the shadows were deepening across the straight, sandy road that stretched before me, lined on either side by the tall pines of the Georgia forests. I had been traveling for about two hours when presently clouds began to gather, followed by a heavy rain. By the aid of the lightning I saw the outlines of an old church. Dismounting and tying my horse to a tree I entered. The storm raged for about two hours and gradually died out and I was preparing to leave when suddenly I heard tramping and a low muttering outside. Thinking that the noise came from some traveler who was passing, and not caring to be seen, I waited. Instead of passing by, whoever or whatever it was, appeared to be entering the church. An uneasy feeling took hold of me but I decided to quietly await developments. The clouds had now quite gone and the Southern moon was throwing its silvery light all around. By its beams I discovered the forms of two women entering the door. Seating themselves not far from me they continue their low talk, all the while be-

ing ignorant of my presence. I could see no way of getting out of the place except by passing by them and I decided to arise from where I was sitting and quietly speak to them and assure them I meant no harm, after which I would leave. I arose, facing them, the moon shining full in my face. Quickly they too, arose and looked at me. Before I could utter a word the smaller one called, or rather screamed, to her companion: "Clancy, Clancy! the hour has come. My pursuer! Remember your promise! Strike!"

To my horror I saw through the gleam of the moonlight an uplifted, black hand clasping a stiletto which, descending, pierced the heart of the speaker. I sprang forward when I saw another blow going to be given and this time the keen dagger grazed my hand in its deadly plunge. The face of the black Amazon seemed furious in the moonlight.

"Woman," said I, as she started toward me, "make one step and I will blow your brains out. Are you crazy? Why have you killed your companion?"

Striking a match I stooped down to look into the face of the dead woman. My heart leaped and I gasped for breath; weltering in blood at my feet lay the form of a white woman, beautiful even with the death agony on her face. I felt her pulse; she was dead.

"Demon," said I, "explain to me-

what this means or I shall kill you as you have killed her."

"I explain to you, but fust we mus' bury dis body where no man, 'oman nor chile can fin' it!" was all she said. No amount of threats could daunt her, no promises move her from the determination to at once bury the body. Finding that I would not assist her she stooped down and lifting up the lifeless body, carried it into the very heart of the forest. Tenderly placing it upon the ground she commenced to make into the wet earth, with her bare fingers, a grave. When she reached the hard, dry earth she used the deadly stiletto. I looked on it all in amazement and fear. At intervals she would speak disconnected sentences that partly explained: 'I meet 'er in Cuba, she good Spanish people. Her father bury gol' an' silver in this country. She ask black mammy 'bout dis country. She come here wid black mammy. Spanish man make out he love her, follow her all de time. He want find out 'bout money an' kill her. She say to me: 'Clancy if he evenh find me an' I'm wid you, stab me an' tear up de papah in mah bosom."

Stopping in her work she advanced to me exclaiming: "Tell me, in de presence of de God she now wid, is you de man dat kill a chile like dis?" If you is may you nevah know another happy day."

I assured her I was not and begged her to let me see the paper which she had taken from the dead woman's breast. This she explained she could not do as she meant to destroy it without any one seeing it. Finally she consented for me to go back to the old church and make a

copy of it when I showed her that no harm could come to her dead charge through any act of mine. The musty old paper contained these lines which I, with difficulty, translated from Spanish, burning innumerable matches in the attempt:

"Sept. 5, 1878.

"To my little Teresa:

"I send this by Manuel who has promised to deliver it to you. I cannot live. He will tell you where the treasure is and how we got it. Manuel is true but his son you must watch. Leave Cuba and live in the states.

With a prayer. YOUR FATHER.

I learned from the old woman that it was Manuel's son pursuing the dead woman, that Manuel had died shortly after delivering the letter to her; that Teresa, for that was the dead woman's name, had come from Cuba and had stopped in the neighborhood in her hunt for the treasure that her father had buried, that the Negroes of the vicinity knew her story and took a pride in doing for her and in concealing her, that she stood in moral fear of Manuel's son and had warned Clancy, who by common consent of the neighborhood, seemed to be regarded as her guardian, that she desired to be killed by Clancy and buried as she had been rather than be killed by her dreaded pursuer, that on this evening she and Clancy had been hunting a certain tree near which the gold might have been buried and that coming into the church, which they had tried to reach before the storm, they were surprised to find me whom they believed to be Teresa's pursuer.

Teresa had not requested of Clancy that she should kill her enemy but Clancy confided to me that such was her

intention and that but for the fact that when she looked closely into my face she did not believe I was Manuel's son from descriptions given her by Teresa, she would have struck me down with the stiletto.

It was nearly day and the old black woman singing some wild air had finished her task. Raising her hands upward she muttered some kind of prayer and lifting the dead body of

Teresa she let it fall into the grave. I asked her why she did not wait until day and have a coffin. Her reply was, that she had been told by the dead woman to bury her that way and she intended to carry out her promises. Mounting my horse I was soon leaving behind me the strange scene I had witnessed in the wild forest where for twenty miles around no white man lived.

Charles W. Anderson

By ROSCOE CONKLING SIMMONS

CHARLES W. ANDERSON, the newly appointed and confirmed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second District of New York, is the first Afro-American to be appointed by a President to hold office north of Mason and Dixon's line; and he has been appointed to be the official and executive head of the largest and most responsible Internal Revenue District in the Republic, the district which collects more revenues than any other two districts in the Union. It is not my purpose to here set down the details of Mr. Anderson's remarkable career, neither as a politician, and he is a master, nor as an orator, eloquent and graceful though he be. But he possesses in so large a measure the elements—ego—faith, hope, charity, belief, courage—that make great characters, and I have known him so

long and so intimately, that I want to point out to those who are yet young and struggling, the path Mr. Anderson has consistently followed through all the years of his public career, in order that they may reinforce Hope with the right hand of Faith, being assured that in due season, if they faint not, nor grow weary, they shall reap the honors that come after age, preparation and moral worth.

Mr. Anderson was born in Kentucky; but it matters little where a man is born; it is what he does after he gets here, that marks him either man or no-man. He received his education in the public schools of his native State, distinguishing himself as a brilliant student, who loved the history of the world. Early in his life Mr. Anderson dropped over into Ohio, and for a time lived at

Cleveland, where he increased his reputation as a man of merit and sense, the lacking virtue in brilliant men.

For reasons which I do not know, Mr. Anderson decided early in his career to disregard Greeley's injunction and come East. It is the part which he has played in public life, a very uncertain vocation in New York, since he came here, that has marked him a man of wisdom, peculiarly fitted by education, temperament and address, to stand out clear cut, as the representative of a large element in the political complexity of the Empire State, securing for this element the recognition it deserves, but so long withheld, because there was never any systematic demand for it.

Mr. Anderson began his political career at the bottom, where political careers and all others must begin, if they shall be enduring. He knew that if properly organized, the Afro-American voters would be a potential force in ante-election times, and assist in promoting the cause of good government, and in the natural course of things, be able, if properly led, to share in the honors and emoluments of victory. And this is the substance of the aim of all political organizations in all countries where government is by party. How well the colored voters are organized is written in the history of the Republican party since 1890. The Organization's other name is Anderson.

We see the general pageant, and inquire not into the details of the equipment. But yet it were not amiss to mention that Mr. Anderson's hold upon the political life of the State has been secured by his mastery of the details of

organization, without which the politician, no less than the general, can expect nor hope for complete victory. Mr. Anderson found a thousand leaders when he entered the brigade of followers; he knew, as we all know, that no thousand men, however brilliant or resourceful, can lead a cause without confusion and defeat. He warned the leaders who were then at the head of the spineless organization against disunion at the top. They were both obstinate and unfit, and growing weary of such leadership as they could but grow, the voters of the State demanded a new leader. Mr. Anderson responded. How well he has led is known of all men. The impressions which he made as a political leader, not of colored men, but of all men, have paved what to him has been a golden way for political preferment, and for a standing of eminence among the men of the Nation.

Mr. Anderson's first political office of any prominence was that of Private Secretary to the State Treasurer, A. B. Colvin, a position tendered him because he had demonstrated a rare fitness for a position of a highly executive quality. After a year in this position he was appointed Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department of the State of New York, and during the four years he filled this position, New Yorkers were no more concerned about the sixty million dollars that annually Mr. Anderson received for and disbursed, than they were before he assumed the office, or since his retirement. Mr. Anderson is not only honorable, he is scrupulously honest. Honorableness is what you appear to be; honesty is what you are.

As the Chief Executive Officer of the Financial Department of his State, Mr. Anderson studied carefully and closely the State system of taxation. Perhaps he noted that the trusts derived more benefits from the State, and paid less taxes than they should; perhaps he didn't. There is no record that he called attention, directly or indirectly, to their shortcoming. But he did notice that the State had within its borders a system of Racing and Trotting Courses, which was deriving vast sums of moneys from the populace, and which was not affording the proportionate revenue in the form of taxes to the State, and consequently violating the spirit of the law of the State, which protected its interests, and issued its rights, expecting to share, through taxation, in its receipts. Mr. Anderson drew up the bill which created the present State Racing Commission; and in appreciation of this service rendered the commonwealth, Governor Black appointed him Supervisor of the Commission. It is not generally known that he is the author of the measure establishing his position. How much he served the State is best told in the contrast of the \$30,000, the taxes each year before the Commission was created, and the \$300,000, the annual tax now. Mr. Anderson therefore has creative ability. His associates upon the Commission are August Belmont and Edwin D. Morgan, millionaires, and strange as it may seem, gentlemen! Mr. Belmont is a Democrat, a suspicion which William Jennings Bryan denies, but he urged Mr. Anderson's appointment to the Collectorship, not because of his color, but because, in

spite of his color, he has the inclination to do as well as the power of speech.

Office holding has not, however, made Mr. Anderson, no more than office holding makes any other man. To hold office is to be honored, and honors are supposed to follow fitness and ability and character. All of the honors that have come to him have therefore been justified.

Perhaps as an orator Mr. Anderson is best known; and his fame as a public speaker is confined to neither race nor section. The greatest public speaker that ever graced this continent was Wendell Phillips, with his fire, his sword and eternal truth. The greatest orator that ever disgraced America was Henry W. Grady, with his songs and writhing error that perished with him. As an orator Charles Anderson is like unto neither. He is purely an orator of interpretation, whose philosophy and scholarship blend together in a song of his own making, spoken with a grace and eloquence rarely ever equalled since the days of Sargent S. Prentiss. And this power of oratory, upon which he has never imposed, nor degraded, has called him always to occasions of great moment, when he has invariably acquitted himself brilliantly. And that is a debased and overworked adverb.

In 1895, Mr. Anderson was a guest at the Lincoln dinner of the Marquette Club in Chicago, when he spoke to the toast "The Emancipation Proclamation." Perhaps the speech was not preserved, but I know that it was an eloquent defense of the Liberator's Decree, transcending all other efforts of the banquet, and so recorded. In 1898,

when the Grand Army met at Buffalo, Mr. Anderson was a guest at the Ellicott Club, when he spoke to the toast "The Negro Soldier in the Civil War." Other speakers on that occasion were President McKinley, Governor Frank Black, Senator Hanna, John Wise and Archbishop Ireland. The valor of the black soldier was a fitting inspiration to him, and cheers for his speech, beautiful in character and as beautifully delivered, were bestowed with an enthusiasm seldom witnessed in such gatherings. And he served here himself and his fathers, whose courage and patriotism he defended against those who seek to demoralize the aspirations of the children of the slaves by condemning the dead.

At the Centennial held in Nashville in 1897, Mr. Anderson was the orator on "Negro Day;" in the history of all these various National Expositions, a distinction only given to men of learning and of eloquence. Mr. Anderson delivered the annual address at Tuskegee in 1897. I heard there the great speakers of the race before he came—Dancy, Douglass, Stewart, Bruce, Price, Grandison—and I have heard them since, but none have charmed nor inspired like he.

It was as a political speaker at home that Mr. Anderson made his first impressions as an orator, and it is here that he maintains his reputation. The principles of his party have always appealed to him as sound; and his belief in them have assisted his comprehension of economic and political questions. His countrymen, black and white, Jew and Gentile, in times of political uncertainties, have always depended upon him to explain and illuminate perplexing ques-

tions. And he does it with that ease and brilliancy that marked Alexander Hamilton. In 1895, when Levi P. Morton was the candidate of the Republican party for the New York Gubernatorial Chair, President, then Governor, McKinley, came over to explain the intricacies of his tariff propaganda, a proposition seldom understood by the average American. Mr. Anderson was assigned to Mr. McKinley's private car, and they toured the State together: one, perhaps, as the author of the tariff, clearing away the doubts and fears of the people, and the other assuring the people of the Governor's authority and ability so to do. Few campaigns have exceeded in interest or brilliancy the contest of Ninety-five.

These incidents which I have here set down mark the public career of Charles Anderson. I have not recorded before that he began life in New York without a dollar, paying the princely sum of \$1.00 the week for his room; because those who are not under thirty now remember this. Even I have failed to record that behind his ripe scholarship is no seal skin from any college; his name is burdened with no string of degrees. He gathered his knowledge from life and books, tutored by an insatiable desire for a broader field of usefulness, and an ambition to stand alongside the men of the age.

In all things affecting his people, whom he loves and whom he champions, Mr. Anderson has been a leading and a wholesome spirit. Neither by insinuation nor charge direct, has Mr. Anderson indulged in the doubts and fears common to men of the race, who rise by

the strength of their people, and call it individuality. As a member of the State Republican Committee, he has always appreciated that he is a member because his people demanded recognition there. And in all the honors that have come to him, in a life crowded with adventure and victory, he has never lost sight of the source of his power, and those who have stood with him, and without whom his name would not be enrolled among that galaxy of men who are both brilliant and steady,

good and powerful. Acceptable to his party and his fellow-citizens, a scholar and an orator, representative of the highest aspiration as well as production of his people, Mr. Anderson appeals to those who are interested in the political economy of the country, as the individual best fitted to stand first and highest in the inauguration of the policy of recognizing high-minded men of African extraction whenever they are capable and wherever they may be found in this Republic.

A Reverie

BY WILLIAM H. FOOTE



THE fire burns low, my heart is sad,
But out of the gloom about me
There speaks a voice :
"I cannot live without thee."

What care I now for the taunts of the world,
Or its empty, vapid praise ;
When your voice brings sweet dreams at night
And happy, peaceful days.



P. SHERIDAN BALL
President of the Metropolitan Realty Co.



J. C. ATKINS
Attorney and Treasurer for the Company



E. R. WILLIAMS, Architect



I. C. COLLINS, Secretary

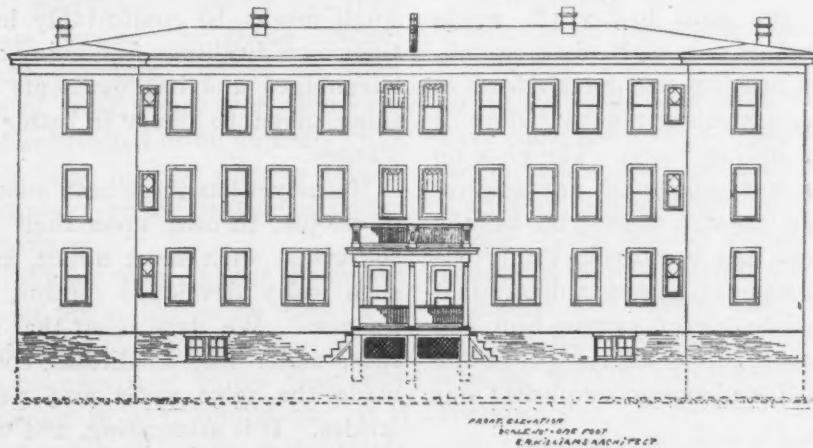
The Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company

BY C. EDWARD PURNELL

AMONG the most startling wonders in the history of the world, are the remarkable and decided accomplishments of the Negro race in the past few years. We cannot agree with some of our statisticians, who date the beginning of the race's activity from the time of the fall of the Rebellion, at Appomattox, when Lee handed over his sword to Grant, thereby acknowledging in deed, and not in words, that the old South, with slavery, had died forever. It appears to us, that coming out of slavery—practically out of darkness into light—the Negro was naturally inexperienced and poor; so much so, that it took years before he could even begin

to recognize the light when he saw it; his mind, in fact his whole being was utterly exhausted; he was too ignorant to grasp those ideas and opportunities which were around and about him, to be utilized: He folded his arms and trusted to Providence to take care of him; and this was his condition for years until he was finally driven by force of necessity to try to become independent.

The youth just crossing the border line from childhood to manhood, can readily recall when the race partially awoke from its lethargic state, and began to build up enterprises, of which the Negro was the head, instead of the Caucasian. And we have all followed that glorious



APARTMENT HOUSE AT ORANGE, N. J.
Owned by the Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company



MASONIC HALL, SAVANNAH, GA.

Built by the Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company

awakening with the greatest interest; every new and successful business operated and owned by a colored man, has put a fresh glow on our cheeks, another sparkle in our eye, and a restless feeling in our hearts, until to-day, the whole race is keyed up to a high pitch, watching for and making strenuous efforts to grasp every advantage almost before it has left its hiding place. The glow on our cheeks is symbolic of our admiration for the colored man who has the temerity and grit to do something; the sparkle in our eye shows a determination to emulate or even surpass him, and the restlessness in our efforts will not be calmed until we have accomplished our purpose.

I repeat that results of the activity of the Negro, has been the most remarkable in the history of the world.

In some parts of the country, Negro

merchants are supplying a large portion of the wants of the people; Negro realty dealers, with skilled Negro mechanics, are building homes; others are buying homes in which their people may with small means, be comfortably housed in their own dwellings and enjoy all of the advantages and improvements equal to those given to others in better circumstances.

Never yet has there been another race of people, thrown upon their own resources at such short notice, and with such sadly developed brains, and no finances. We dare assert that no other race, under like conditions, could have made the same rapid and permanent strides. It is astounding, and worthy of the highest praise; yet let us not deceive ourselves; the battle was only just begun; we have put out our foot to make one step in the right direction, but yet have

not that foot firmly planted. The Caucasian race numbers about sixty millions; at least two millions of whom are in business, supplying each other with everything they need, as well as the other millions, not engaged in business.

The Caucasian is thus meeting the demands of all of his people, and keeps the money circulating among, and benefitting his own.

On the other hand, the Negro race numbers about ten millions; with no more than fifty thousand of them in business; only partly supplying a portion of the necessities of a small number of their people.

Who, then, is meeting the demands of the other eight, or in fact of the whole ten millions? Not an obscure tribe of red men by any means.

The banks, to-day, are using millions of dollars of the earnings of Negroes giving them small returns, but building with their moneys, enormous office buildings; operating insurance and trust companies; putting the white brother behind the counters, and in all other positions of trust, who, very often, has not a dollar invested or on deposit, while the Negro, who may be a heavy depositor, is refused even the position of porter or scrubwoman.

The thinking man, cannot blame the white man for acting as he does; it is race pride and shows very clearly that he loves his own race better than any other, which is as it should be. It is beyond human possibilities to accurately foretell, what an immense lot of good, the millions of dollars of the Negroes' savings, would do the race, if handled by the race, instead of being placed

where they now are making another race rich.

Just a little thought on the part of our people, just a little concentration of brain and capital, and the above conditions could be easily reversed, and the race would thereby gain greater independence.

In the past few years, the Negro has tried many ideas for the betterment of his condition; to gain recognition, influence and prominence; but nothing has given him greater prestige or been more lasting and beneficial, than his attempts at business.

It was this fact, as stated above, along with many other like circumstances that gave birth to The Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company, a strictly business corporation, now one of the most successful and powerful organizations of its kind; and soon to be the wealthiest and most beneficent Negro-institution in the country.

Incorporated early in the year 1900, it was by its prophetic enemies, given one month in which to shine and fade away; that month has past; other months have come and gone, and months are still coming and going; and each month sees it shining brighter and brighter, until, to-day, its star is in the ascendency, and it is now too far on its journey to be checked or halted in its upward flight to lasting success; and its prophetic enemies are shining with it, as its most enthusiastic friends.

It required two years of hard, unceasing struggle to break down the barriers of prejudice, which were on all sides, from without and within; at times, (shame to confess) it was questionable

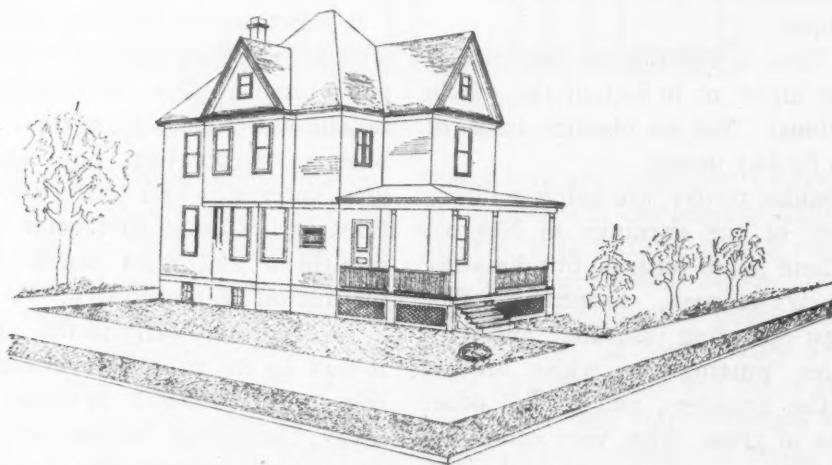
whether the white man, or the black man, was its greatest enemy. But, fortunately, that is past history, and was the making of the Company; as it showed and has proved its metal.

The Company is now winding up its fifth year of uninterrupted service to its people.

Capitalized at first at one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000,) three years later, the business warranted its increase to half a million, or five hundred thousand dollars, (\$500,000,) at which it

and agents daily employed in the transaction of its business.

The Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company has bought and erected to date about fifty houses, with all modern improvements. It has purchased a fine Hotel, in New Jersey; and has about one hundred and fifty lots in Plainfield, New Jersey, upon which as many houses will be built in the spring; the plans for these houses are now being prepared by the Company's own architect, Mr. E. R. Williams.



HOUSE AT PLAINFIELD, N. J.

stands, to-day, with a par value of ten dollars (\$10) per share. A small block of this stock is now being sold at eight dollars (\$8) per share, which will no doubt be exhausted in a short time.

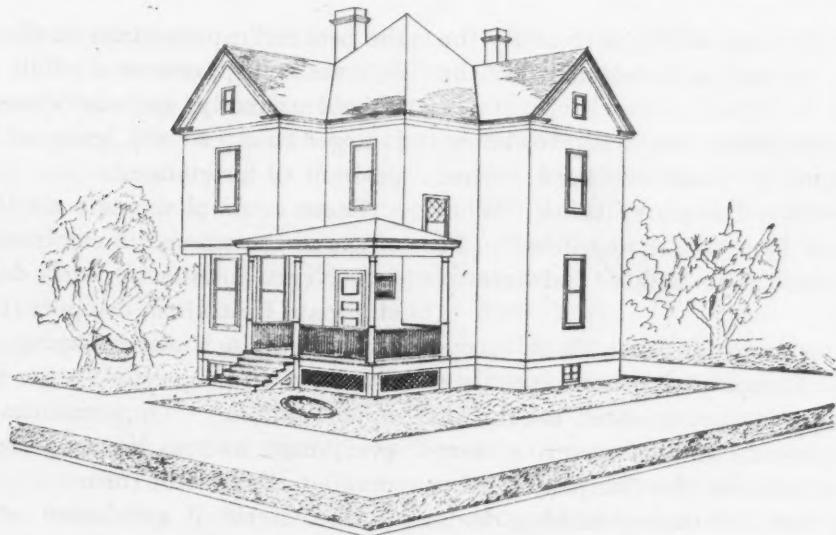
The Company has for more than two years, been operating an insurance branch, paying sick benefits, ranging from two to ten dollars per week; and death benefits to the maximum sum of two hundred dollars, (\$200.)

This branch has a membership of seventy thousand; and a corps of clerks

The quiet, dignified city of Orange, New Jersey, is daily watching the construction of our substantial twelve family, sixty room apartment house, containing all the latest and up to date improvements.

Another lucrative branch of business, is the well equipped grocery store, in the city of Plainfield, New Jersey, which is giving constant employment to three persons.

Owing to the great demand among our members in the South, for a depository



HOUSE AT PLAINFIELD, N. J.

for savings, the Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company, a little less than a year ago, opened a bank in Savannah, Georgia; which, on its opening day, received upwards of five thousand (\$5,000) dollars, in deposits; and it is no uncommon thing to see twenty or thirty people in line, awaiting their turn at the receiving teller's window.

The bank has depositors from many cities outside of Savannah, including New York City. Money deposited draws interest at almost double the rate that is allowed in other banks; and depositors may draw their money by check, which is a great convenience, when living at a distance. Although, only in its infancy, this bank gives regular employment to about half a dozen persons; and with the co-operation of our people, we expect to become a great power for good along banking lines.

In the near future, the Company proposes to establish and build, a ten story store and office building, in the city of

New York. The main feature therein will be, the headquarters of the parent bank, handling the moneys of the several branches, and of the general investment fund. The ultimate outcome of the above plan will mean the operation of small stores in almost every large city, in which will necessarily be employed large numbers of our people.

Who does not admire and appreciate nature's artistic display, surrounding the beautiful and thriving little town of Sag Harbor, overlooking the calm and peaceful waters of Long Island Sound and Connecticut River, on the one side, and the Atlantic Ocean, on the other? Amidst this splendor, and adjacent to the shore, the Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company has purchased two hundred and eight lots, upon which will be built, at least one hundred cottages, and a large hotel, making it one of the finest summer resorts for the Negro, on the Atlantic Coast.

The foregoing statements are facts,

and the Company will gladly verify the same to the entire satisfaction of the skeptical.

The first thing we wish to know, when about to place our hard earned savings with a Company, is this; "What assurances have we of its safety?" Be assured then of its safety and earning capacity.

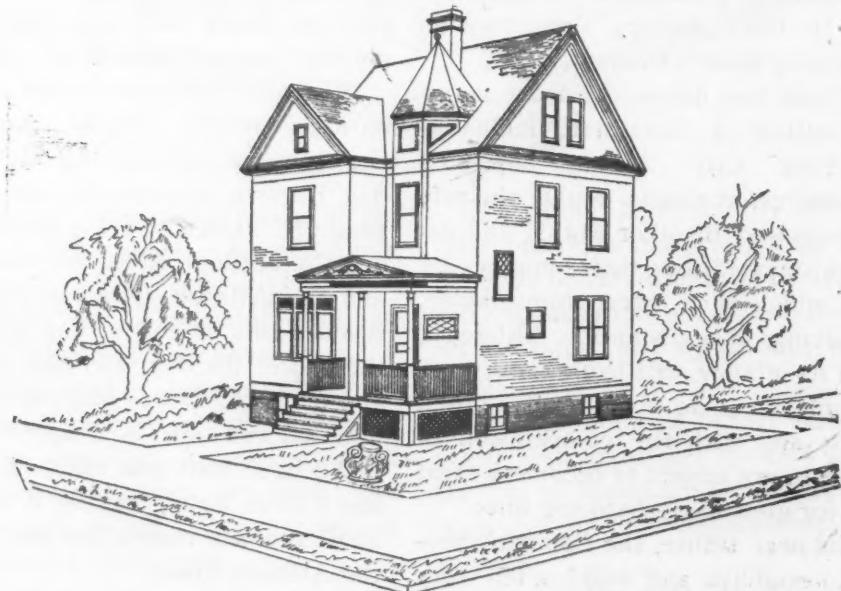
Because first, (and we think above all) this Company does not speculate; because, the money invested is continually employed, and is never a non-producer; because, the Company touches nothing but live money making deals; because, no property is considered until experts have declared its fitness; because, in the Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company, experience, capital and brains, are united; because, the Company's motto is "Protection for each and every stockholder;" because, there is no preferred stock; all share alike in

the profits, in proportion to the amount of investment; because a public meeting is held annually, and every stockholder is urged to attend and learn of the disposition of his money.

These accomplishments are the result of the co-operation and combination of a few Negro men, who early decided to eliminate from their category, that time worn and much abused saying, common among our people, "We are given no opportunities." Opportunities come to every man, success lies in grasping and making the best of them.

The coterie of gentlemen comprising the Board of Directors of the Mercantile and Realty Company are men peculiarly fitted, and thoroughly competent to handle the business, in each of its separate branches.

Mr. P. Sheridan Ball was for a number of years a real estate dealer in New York and New Jersey, where he laid a



HOUSE AT PLAINFIELD, N. J.

solid foundation along the real estate line; and these practical ideas can be discerned running through and around the Company, like a massive belt, protecting and safe-guarding its interests.

As I sit at my desk I can see numberless boats of all denominations, running up and down the East River, congested with traffic. There come to my mind, the coolness and skill which every man at the wheel must possess, in order to avoid collisions.

At the steering gear of the Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company will be found Mr. John H. Atkins, a graduate of Hampton, and of the New York University Law School; he is Treasurer and one of its ablest attorneys; a practicing member of the New York Bar; unassuming, alert, and watchful of every good opening; this Company is especially fortunate in having this gentleman at its head, as one of its controlling powers.

Mr. L. C. Collins, the Company's strictly accurate and business-like Secretary, is also a graduate of the two above named Institutions; he is associated with Mr. Atkins as attorney, and is equally watchful of the interests of the Company and its stockholders.

Mr. E. R. Williams, one of the ablest Architects of the country among Negroes, is in full charge of its architectural department, and draws all plans of the houses that the Company builds. Mr. Williams studied architecture under one of the best architects in the country, at one of the best schools in the City of New York.

If space were allowed, we might continue through the whole Board of Directors and find equal fitness for the handling of a giant organization, but we have especially mentioned the above gentlemen, because it is due to their personal efforts that the Company has met with such unparalleled success in its short life of five years. To a number of other wide-awake and brainy men and women who have assisted materially in the upbuilding of the Company is due special mention, but space will not permit.

A few years more will see success assured beyond all question of reasonable doubt of this and other Negro enterprises equally as earnest, secure and productive. Then must the Negro generally realize that mainly through co-operation and concentration, can he hope to win liberty and independence in this broad universe.



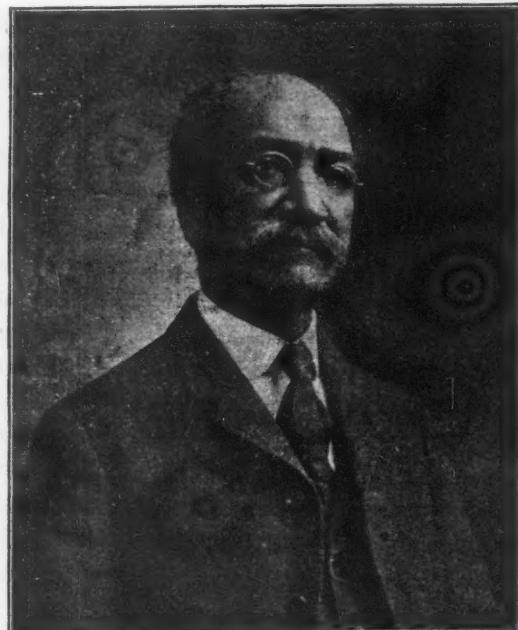
John S. Hicks

An Ice Cream Magnate

GRADUALLY the country is becoming more and more acquainted with the men of the Afro-American race who have made success in business, and who are disproving the assertion that black men have no commercial side and that their ideas are up in the clouds, where they nor their friends can reach. In every community, however small, or however large, for that matter, may be found some man of the race who has blended his common sense with his knowledge [and gone out after the real things in life.]

The largest manufacturer of ice cream, and people will always eat it, in the city of Erie, Pennsylvania, who owns a plant "second to none in the state," so the Erie Daily Dispatch says, is John S. Hicks, an almost undiluted man of color. Mr. Hicks' career, unique and exemplary, has attracted much attention here of late.

Mr. Hicks is a Virginian by birth, but has made his home in Erie since 1873, when he journeyed there in search of work. He began in a very small position in a leading confectionery house. He remained through two ownerships, or rather until the last ownership "sold out" to the sheriff, owing Mr. Hicks \$350 for wages. In the sale which followed of the holdings of the establishment the first owner purchased the entire stock, and from him Mr. Hicks



JOHN S. HICKS, ERIE, PA.

purchased, on time, for he had nothing save time and faith in himself, the bakery and ice cream machinery. He conducted a business at the old stand for nine months, when he sold out, for part cash and part credit. The "part credit" he still holds in the form of a note, unpaid, and worthless now, because of that "statute of limitation."

Two weeks after he had disposed of his business, he re-opened another. In three years' time he had made sufficient headway to move on State street, one of the leading thoroughfares in Erie. He purchased the building, which

was then frame, and built a brick building. Nine years after he bought the adjoining property, and built another brick building. The people began to eat more ice cream and confections. As a consequence Mr. Hicks built a \$4,000 ice cream plant behind his State street property. His block is two three-story brick buildings in the heart of Erie.

An idea of the volume of business Mr. Hicks does each year may be had through his sugar and salt bill. For one year—1903-4—he paid out for the "sweet and bitter" alone of cream, \$2,500. It were unnecessary to note that Mr. Hicks is substantially prepared for the vicissitudes of this life.

Mr. Hicks has found time, in the busy years just behind, to invent an ice cream mould, which is favorably known and widely used. These moulds cost from seventy-five cents to \$2.25, and include The Anchor, Passion Cross, Maltese Cross, Crescent, Star, Hearts, Clubs, Spades, Diamonds, and Triangles. Perhaps this mould is Mr. Hicks' hobby; all successful men have one hobby; unsuccessful men have nothing else. This is Mr. Hicks' own version of his patent:

"We have invented the 20th Century Brick Ice Cream Mould for moulding different designs in the centre of ice cream, so that when it is served every slice or dish is the same and has the

same design in the centre, such as Hearts, Clubs, Spades, Diamonds, Passion Crosses, Maltese Crosses, Crescents, Stars or Anchors and many other pretty designs. We also have the Heart shape mould with any of the above centres, which is certainly out of the ordinary in ice cream forms. We make only one-quart moulds, but they can be formed and packed a great deal faster than the common mould. There is nothing complicated about our moulds, nothing to get out of order, and they are very easy to operate after reading the directions. No ice cream plant should be without these moulds, for whenever they are used once they are always called for again. We know just what we are talking about. Don't think we are telling you some old fake story, for we are using them ourselves every day. We have been in the ice cream business since 1878 and are rated with Dun and Bradstreet A No. 1. If any further reference is required we refer you to the Second National Bank, Erie, Pa. If they are not just what they are represented to be, they may be returned and money will be refunded. But we are not troubled about refunding the money, for when we sell you one order we can certainly sell another. Some one in your town is going to have these moulds and you may as well be first."

It is expected that Mr. Hicks will exhibit his patents and tell about his success at the next session of the Business League, when it meets in New York, next August.

EDITORIAL

Getting Together.

IT is very encouraging to know that Afro American people are getting together in support of each other. Each day brings to us evidence of their determination to stand together. It is the only way to build up and make a people respected. Until we rid ourselves of the idea that individuals are incapable of doing, we must expect to be regarded with derision. Each man and woman who begins to have confidence helps to make us more respected and of greater importance. Those who are standing on pedestals, and decrying the slothful and whining about this element retarding their progress, without doing something toward lifting them up, will be left in the background. The "better than thou" element, only seeing good in themselves and having no thought of their fellow man; desiring all rights and privileges for themselves but not caring a rap for their fellows and utterly selfish in their make up, are passing away. We are desirous of seeing all classes succeed, the high and the low, the rich and the poor—each working for the betterment of the other. We must each one of us work along the line of building up, not tearing down. It is the sure road that leads to success.

A Southern Judge on Peonage

APROPOS of the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States upholding the law against the nefarious practice of peonage in the South, Judge Emory Speer of the Federal Court of

Georgia delivered some striking and courageous remarks last week to the Grand Jury at Savannah, which are not only creditable to Judge Speer, but are an omen of better things to come. For a number of years Judge Speer has been the bravest of the Southern judges. In no instance has he failed to condemn in the strongest possible language the injustice and intolerance of his section; nor has he failed to protect the weakest and most persecuted in his jurisdiction. What he had to say regarding peonage and the outrageous practice of Southern magistrates in sentencing black men and women to the chain-gang for trivial offenses pleases us, and will please the country, more than the dry and half-hearted opinion of the Supreme Court, excepting, of course, the opinion of Justice Harlan.

In his charge to the Grand Jury, Judge Speer defined peonage as follows:

"I do not hesitate to declare that enforced labor on a local chain-gang, imposed for an offense not amounting to crime, is involuntary servitude and peonage, in the light of the decision of the United States Supreme Court, no matter what the state law or the municipal ordinances on the subject may be."

Unless this practice of sending men to the chain-gang for offenses which are neither legal nor moral offenses was general, Judge Speer would not have called attention to it. The chain-gang is a prominent factor in the conspiracy to make the colored citizen in the South a moral degenerate, and to afford the

statistician material for his yearly condemnation of the race to moral irresponsibility. The chain-gang is worse than eternal fire, and no man who remains in it for even a day, can ever rise above it. Judge Speer continued:

"Let but peonage continue and be widely observed, and the plastic mind of the rising generation will become imbued with principles vicious and regardless of human rights as those of the Arab slave catcher or West Indian buccaneer.

"Labor will be degraded because, demanding the wages of freemen, the workingman cannot compete with the labor of the unpaid peon.

"Let but this crime continue, we will all be slaves. We will be slaves to our prejudices, slaves in that like slaves we tolerate the violation of the constitution and the laws which we are sworn to support; slaves because we slavishly fail or refuse to perform a lofty civic duty."

Our Southern friends flinched and pitched when they read these burning truths from one of their own. They have claimed always that Northern men and women misrepresented them when they were held up to the world as respecters of nothing holy nor good. What shall they answer to Judge Speer's charge that they are "vicious and regardless of human rights as those of the Arab slave catcher or West Indian buccaneer?" And who now shall they curse for the charge of their most learned and brilliant, that they are "slaves, in that like slaves they tolerate the violation of the constitution and the laws which we are sworn to support?"

Not only has the 13th Amendment been violated, but the Fourteenth has undeniably been trampled under foot. And only the South has violated either.

Reciting the wisdom of the peonage law, Judge Speer made the following semi-charge, which may illuminate our Northern friends on the methods in vogue in the South, in holding men in servitude:

"In the absence of such law what chance has the small farmer in the maintenance of his rights against the invasion of his powerful neighbor? No stockade is within the curtailage of his humble dwelling, no guards armed to the teeth stand sentinel over his hands, no pack of trained hounds eager to strike the trail of the poor victim who, restrained by lawlessness, breaks away and runs for liberty and freedom, are tugging at their chains or yelping in his kennels."

All of which is a terrible indictment by one of their own, of the white people of the South, who can seemingly never be taught that out of the sweat of their own brow, and not somebody's else, must their bread be earned.

The people of Georgia and Mississippi and Alabama, and the remaining slaveholding states ought to know by this time that they cannot forever violate every law of the land, and have either the respect or confidence of the Republic. They must learn that they are no better than the people of New York, and like them, must be willing to abide by the common Constitution and laws. Until then they shall be called criminal because they are criminals. Every Negro in the South must be treated as a citizen and as a man, created by the same Heaven responsible for other people, and which shall yet revenge his persecution.

In the meantime we trust that Judge Speer will continue to warn his brother against unrighteousness in all things.



MOORE PUBLISHING and PRINTING COMPANY
181 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK

FRED. R. MOORE, Editor and Publisher

ROSCOE CONKLING SIMONS, Associate Editor

IDA MAY MOORE, Secretary and Treasurer

To Our Agents

We thank you for what you are doing toward increasing the sales of the Magazine. We hope that you will continue to do effective work.

We desire that you shall be pleased with the Magazine each month. You will find within its pages articles of especial interest; we ask for these careful reading. We wish you to know exactly what we are doing, in order that you may be in a position to inform your friends of us and how very valuable the Magazine is. A friend in need is a friend indeed. This we seek to be. And we feel that you should reciprocate by directing attention to us and influencing subscriptions our way. We are spending our money freely to give our people and friends a magazine that is wholly theirs. And in our efforts we feel that we have the right to ask united co-operation.

We are gratified for the increasing interest manifested, and we want you to continue to use your influence in our

behalf. The larger the support the more effective our work. Lines of employment are opened up for active agents. We give reasonable commissions consistent with good business principles. The margin of profit is small, and we are entitled to a little something, at least, to maintain the shop. We have no outfits for agents, simply requiring, where we give credit, references of reliability. We want the services of hustlers who are believers in the Magazine and recognize its true value.

If you know of such a person in your community have them communicate with us, and we believe that a field of earning power will be opened up to him.

THE demand for the March number of the Magazine was so great that an additional 1,000 was printed, and even this addition was not sufficient. Orders for 650 additional copies were received which could not be filled. This is very encouraging to us and proves that our efforts to give the people a first-class publication is being supported. We ask a continuance of efforts in our behalf.

S. R. SCOTTRON,
Editor

E. V. C. EATO,
Associate Editor



The Negro Mason in Equity

BY M. W. SAMUEL W. CLARK

IT seems to us that the forgoing documentary evidence is sufficient to convince any one, let him be as prejudiced as he may, that a warrant was granted in 1784 to Prince Hall and his associates; that it was received in this country in 1787; that it was not a forged, falsified document; that it was not returned to England, but was as late as 1869 seen in this country by reputable witnesses. The fact that Prince Hall was in correspondence with the Grand Secretary of England, and was inquired of concerning the white Lodges in this country, and the further fact that moneys were sent by Prince Hall to the charity fund, in accordance with the requirements of the charter, at various times from 1789 to 1797, and were receipted for and acknowledged by the Grand Secretary of England, and the still further fact that when the Lodges on the English registry were renumbered in 1793 African Lodge was also renumbered, is conclusive proof that African

Lodge was known to the Grand Lodge of England as a legal and regular Lodge in working order, at least as late as 1797. That is more, very much more, than can be said of many white Lodges that formed a constituent part of some of the Grand Lodges that are loudest in their charges of dormancy and consequent loss of life against us.

We pass to the fifth objection.

5. That if received it was returned to England for correction, but never again received in America, a mutilated copy being used in its stead.

That it was received we think is proved; that it was returned to England for correction there is not the slightest evidence. The only fact that might be so construed is a letter, which may be found in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts for 1870, addressed "To the Right Worshipful, the Grand Master Wardens, and members of the Grand Lodge of England," and dated at Boston, January 5, 1824, "pray-

ing that, in addition to the warrant granted Prince Hall and his associates in 1784, under which they could confer but three degrees, a new warrant be granted to the petitioners authorizing them to confer seven degrees." The petitioners were sufficiently careful, as subsequent events have shown, to retain the original warrant. Even had they sent it, and never again received it, they would have lost nothing but a valuable relic; for long before this time, 1824, legal Grand Lodges had been established, with as full power and authority to grant warrants and institute new Lodges as any white Grand Lodge that had been established in America.

With regard to a mutilated copy being used in its stead we have to say, that Bro. C. W. Moore, of Massachusetts, who persisted for many years in making this statement, did, in 1869, report to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts that the warrant was an authentic document. However, we believe that, if only a "mutilated copy" had been used, it would have been as regular and as legal for African Lodge, No. 459 to use it as for any of the white Lodges under Massachusetts Grand Lodge to do similarly. You ask did any of them do so? We say, yes. Here is the record, which you will find in proceedings of Massachusetts, 1870:

"St. John's Lodge, first Lodge in Boston; no written charter until one was granted by Provincial Grand Master

Rowe. This charter was burnt in Winthrop House fire. A copy of the charter was furnished by the Grand Officers in 1864, which copy bears date of February 7, 1783. Much doubt exists as to the accuracy of this copy."

We deem this one example sufficient to sustain our statement; others may be found in the record.

6. That, if a warrant were granted them, it was in violation of the territorial rights of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge. Somewhere in the foregoing may be found the proof that a warrant was granted; therefore, it is not necessary to reiterate.

With regard to the violation of the territorial rights of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge, we will say in brief that the Massachusetts Grand Lodge had no territorial rights to violate when the Grand Lodge of England granted warrant No. 459 to African Lodge. We reserve the discussion of this point until we reach the "thirteenth objection."

7. That if they were legally warranted it was only as a subordinate Lodge, and that it was an assumption of authority on the part of Prince Hall to establish Lodges in Philadelphia and Providence, Rhode Island; and that the Grand Lodge established in Boston, in 1808, with African Lodge, No. 459, and the Lodges in Philadelphia and Providence was an irregular body, and as a consequence all its descent is illegal and clandestine.